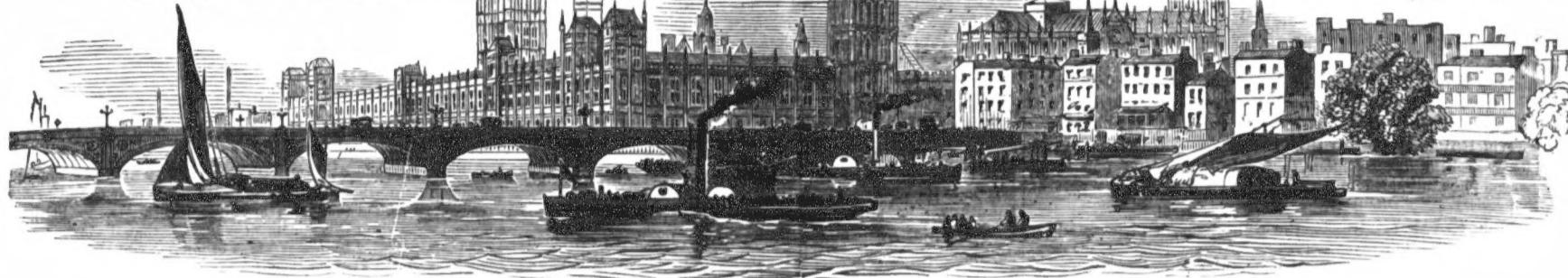


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THE ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 4.—VOL. I. { NEW PROPRIETORSHIP
AND MANAGEMENT.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1867.

ONE PENNY.

"DEAD ACRE: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE," BY C. H. ROSS, IS CONTINUED IN THIS NUMBER.

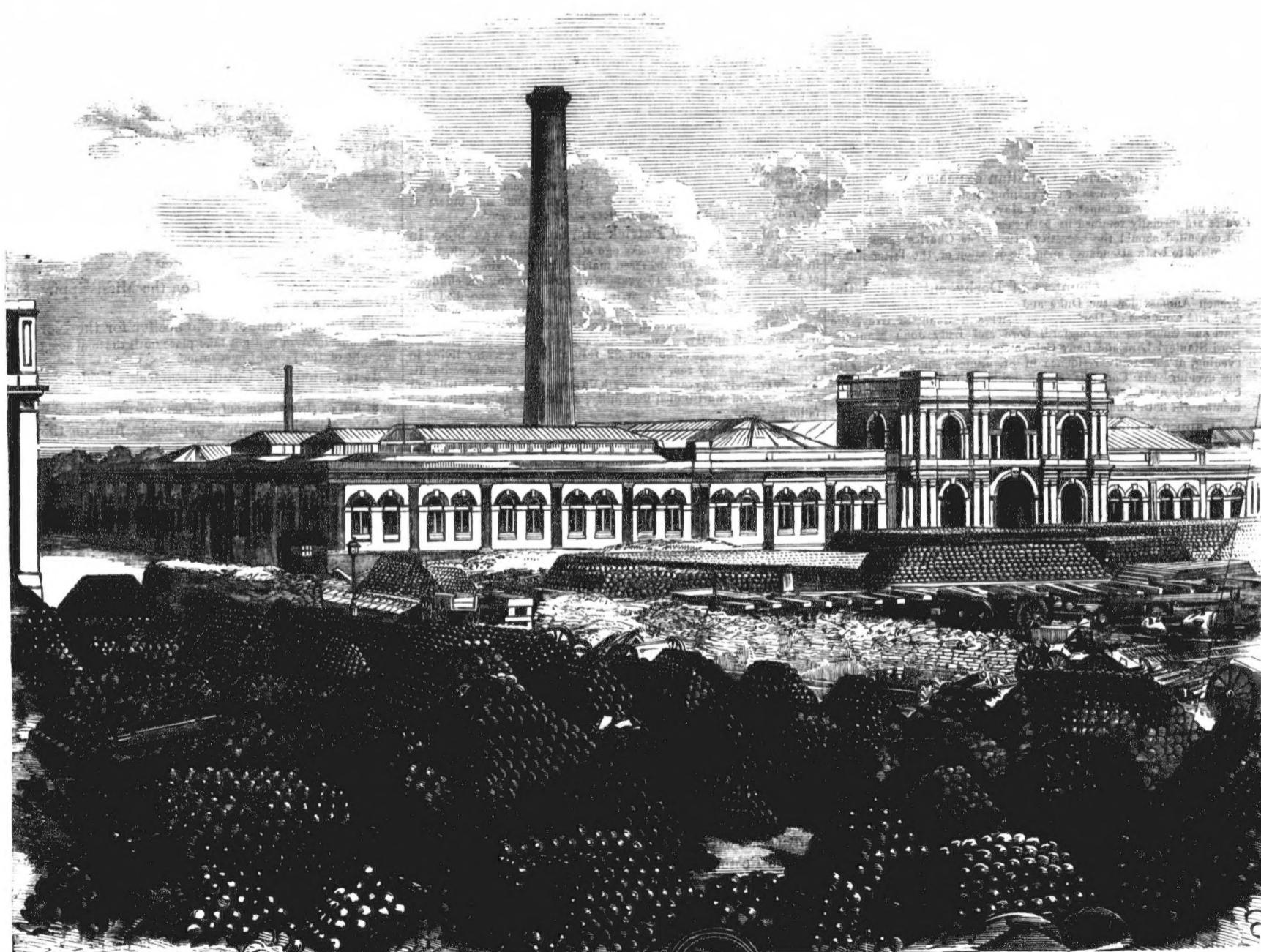
THE SHELL FACTORY AT WOOLWICH.

THE Royal Arsenal at Woolwich was established in 1716. Prior to this a Royal foundry for casting brass cannon had existed in Moorfields. In that year some of the cannon captured from the French by Marlborough were ordered to be recast, and many officers and persons of distinction were present to witness the process. Among the crowd was a young German gunmaker, named Andrew Schalach, travelling to improve himself in his craft. He detected a moisture in one of the moulds, which he knew was likely to lead to

an explosion; he at once warned the bystanders, and sent a message to the Duke of Richmond, then Master-General of the Ordnance. As no attention was paid to his warning, the young German withdrew with his friends; and shortly afterwards, as he had anticipated, an explosion took place, killing many workmen, wounding others, and seriously damaging the building. The authorities immediately advertised for "the young foreigner," found him, and offered him the superintendence of a new foundry. This he accepted, and selected the Warren at Woolwich as the site.

Vanbrugh designed the buildings; and Schalach, having given further proofs of his skill in casting, was appointed Master-Founder, an office which he held until his death in 1776, aged ninety.

The numerous stores and the vast quantity of war *matériel* here accumulated, as shown below, cannot fail to astonish and bewilder the visitor. Shot and shell of every description, and all sizes, guns, gun-carriages, and mortars, meet the eye in every direction, and seemingly enough to supply the world, were its inhabitants at war with each other.



SHELL FACTORY, WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

SOCIETY:
Its Facts and its Rumours.

Her Majesty the Queen held a Council on Tuesday afternoon at Windsor Castle at a quarter before three o'clock.

The Earl and Countess of Winchilsea and family have left the St. George's Hotel.

It gives us sincere pleasure to learn that the Princess of Wales is going on favourably. Her Royal Highness has been suffering from rheumatism in the right arm.

The Countess of Derby held her second assembly on Saturday evening last, the 23rd ult., at the family residence, St. James's-square.

The Earl and Countess of Wilton have left town for Egerton Lodge, Melton Mowbray. They are receiving company at the lodge.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge and their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Teck, honoured the Lyceum Theatre with their presence on Monday evening.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh graciously caused his intention to join the Highland Society of London to be intimated to Sir Patrick Colquhoun on the part of that society.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, and their Royal Highness the Prince and Princess of Teck, honoured the Lyceum Theatre with their presence on Monday evening.

The Right Hon. Stephen Cave, Vice-President of the Board of Trade, who on Wednesday week narrowly escaped serious injury from the fall of his horse, is reported to be progressing favourably.

We have reason to believe that Her Majesty the Queen will act as one of the godmothers to the infant daughter of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is understood that the accouchement of her Royal Highness will cause no change in the arrangements already made for the season.

A numerous gathering of the noblemen and gentlemen of Dorset and the adjoining counties took place at the Guildhall, Dorchester, on Wednesday week. The occasion was a banquet given to Lord Poltimore, as master of the Cattistock Hunt. Lord Digby presided, and more than 180 gentlemen were present.

We are authorised to state that the lists for the Queen's Courts, to be held on the 7th March and the 2nd April, and also for the Court to be held in June, are now filled. No further names can therefore be received for these Courts at the Lord Chamberlain's office.

We believe that their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales will occasionally reside at the White Lodge, Richmond Park, which has been placed at their disposal. The Prince and Princess will run down to Richmond, and pass the Sunday in that pleasant retreat.

The mortal remains of Viscountess Strathallen, who died on the 14th ult., were on the 21st interred in the family burying vault at Tullibardine, in the immediate neighbourhood of Strathallen Castle, Perthshire. The funeral was attended by a large number of the relatives and friends of the family, and the tenantry on the estate.

We learn that Prince Christian expects an increase in his family in the course of the ensuing month, and that Prince Teck has similar anticipations for May. The sciences of Doctor Farre are specially retained in both cases, and Doctor Priestly will be consulted should the necessity arise. Sir Charles Locock has promised to be in attendance upon the occasion of the latter interesting event.

The Earl and Countess of Derby entertained the French Ambassador, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Earl and Countess of Dartrey, the Earl and Countess Grey, the Earl and Countess of Longford, Lord and Lady John Manners, Lord Stanley, Lord and Lady Cairns, &c., at dinner on Saturday evening, at the family residence in St. James's-square. Later in the evening the Countess had a brilliant reception, which was numerously attended by the members of the *corps diplomatique* and members of both Houses of Parliament.

It appears that Miss J—d—n B—ks, whose sudden continental fit we mentioned last week, has not progressed farther than Calais. On Wednesday it was rumoured that she had appeared in town, but from subsequent reliable information we are enabled to contradict this. The latest tidings upon this painful affair up to the moment of our going to press, are, that the misguided lady has resisted the most earnest solicitations of her guardian to return. The distressing portion of the story is, that the charitable world eagerly accepts this as confirmation of the atrocious scandal which has been so industriously circulated respecting Miss J—d—n B—ks.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge received a large circle at dinner on Saturday last at Gloucester House, Piccadilly. The guests included the Marquis of Clanricarde, the Earl of Canswe, the Earl de Grey, the Earl of Cork, the Earl of Lucan, Viscount Canterbury, Viscount Monck, Lord Redesdale, Lord Stanley of Alderly, Lord Elcho, Lord Methuen, the Lord Chief Justice, the Right Hon. General Cecil Forester, the Right Hon. General Peel, Lieut-General the Hon. J. Yorke Scarlett, Major-General the Hon. J. Lindsay the Right Hon. Henry T. L. Goury, Major the Hon. A. H. Anson, Sir Henry Des Vaux, Lieut-General Sir E. Lugard, Colonel Paulet Somerset, Mr. Thomas Baring, and Mr. Gregory.

The Right Hon. the Speaker gave his second parliamentary dinner on the evening of Saturday last to the following noblemen and gentlemen:—Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Right Hon. Lord Otto Bismarck, Lord John Hay, Viscount Einfeld, Right Hon. C. P. Villiers, Right Hon. William Cowper, Right Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart., Right Hon. T. Milner Gibson, Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, Right Hon. T. E. Headlam, Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue, Right Hon. Henry A. Bruce, Right Hon. George J. Goschen, Right Hon. Henry Brand, Sir Roundell Palmer, Sir Robert Collier, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Eastebull-Hugessen, Mr. Adam, Mr. Childers, Mr. Layard, Mr. W. E. Foster, Mr. Stanfield, Mr. Bonham-Carter, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. Esmonde, Rev. Charles Merivale, D.D. (chaplain), and Mr. Alfred Denison (private secretary).

LONDON GOSSIP.

The estimate for Greenwich Hospital and school for 1867-8 amounts to the sum of £128,635.

It is said that a new morning journal will appear shortly at Cheltenham under the editorship of a gentleman for many years leader writer on the staff of the *Daily News*.

We understand that yet another satirical (?) paper is to make its appearance. It is to be called by the truly Thackerian name of *The Tommymawk*.

An English house is said to have made a proposition for farming the Austrian Government tobacco monopoly, amounting to £2,500,000 per annum, and which is badly administered as regards the interests of the State. Other bankers have made offers.

On Thursday evening week a number of gentlemen met at the Victoria Hotel, Hull, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Mr. E. Collins, late proprietor and editor of the *Hull Advertiser*. The testimonial consisted of a sum of £400, subscribed by the inhabitants of Hull. The £400 is to be laid out in the purchase of an annuity for Mr. Collins and for his wife's life.

On Saturday night, as a joiner and cabinet-maker, named Robert Nixon, was going along Fig-tree-lane, Sheffield, he staggered and fell on a joiner's chisel, which he had in his side-pocket, and which pierced his body, severing one of the main arteries. He was removed to the Public Hospital and Dispensary, but died within half-an-hour after his admission.

The libel case heard before Mr. Flowers on Saturday, in which Mr. Howell, the surgeon, was the complainant, and Messrs. Elliott and Bourne (the former the proprietor of, and the latter a contributor to the *West End News*) defendants, will, we understand, not be carried further; the latter feeling, after the opinions expressed by the worthy magistrate, that they ought to bow to his suggestion and accept the "olive branch of peace" by inserting an apology that will satisfy Mr. Howell.

Risk Allah intends to carry on his action, not only against the *Daily Telegraph*, but the *Standard* into the bargain. When these two cases come on for hearing, the public will have unusual opportunities of judging of the position in which journalists and newspaper proprietors are placed, under the existing law of libel. It does seem as if all the newspapers were in turn to appear upon the boards of the Westminster Theatre. We shall be glad to welcome Sir C. O'Loughlin's Bill, announcing the last night of such ridiculous farces.

A meeting of the Royal Humane Society was held at the offices, Trafalgar-square, for the purpose of considering the numerous claims for reward for saving life at the recent unparalleled ice accident at the Regent's Park. Many of the claimants were unable to sustain their claims before the rigid investigation instituted by the committee, but the remainder were dealt with as liberally as the resources at the command of the society would permit, for the funds at its disposal have not increased in a corresponding ratio with the increased expenditure of the society, little more than 100l. having been received by the secretary (Mr. Lambton Young) since the commencement of the year.

Again in the "small hours" of Monday morning, between 100 and 200 persons had congregated in Palace-yard, some with members' orders, and some without. At six o'clock, when the doors of Westminster Hall were opened, a tremendous rush was made, and one of the policemen on duty suffered some severe injuries from the squeezing to which he was subjected, and had no means of extricating himself. On the present occasion, before admission into St. Stephen's Hall, every order was carefully examined, and the holders passed in *seriatim*—101 having genuine orders (the gallery only holding 70), and a vast number without any orders at all, many resorting to various devices to obtain admission.

A farmer, named Patrick Martin, who was born in the year 1759, died a few weeks ago at Kells, county Meath, being in his 108th year. The deceased married his first wife at the age of 19 years, and she died 15 years afterwards, leaving six children. Four years subsequently he married his second wife, who died last year at the age of 90. By the latter he had seven children. Deceased was very temperate, and never smoked or chewed tobacco, but took snuff lightly. Two of his daughters by the first wife, who have reached the age of 85 and 82 respectively, are now living in America. His only son, by the second wife, who now inherits his father's farm, is 60 years of age, a hale man, with several intelligent children. Old Martin died tranquilly, at the fireside, as if he were falling asleep.

A memorial on Ritualism, from the Brighton Church Association, was presented to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth Palace, on the 22nd. It contained 3,110 signatures, including 35 clergy, the borough members, and 13 magistrates. His Grace gave the following written reply: "Gentlemen, members of the committee of the Brighton Church Association—I deeply lament, in common with yourselves, the confusion and strife that have ensued upon the introduction into the order and worship of our Church of various novelties in dress and ritual, symbolic of erroneous doctrine. I have just reason to apprehend that these practices will alienate from our communion many devout worshippers; and I desire to assure you that my influence and authority will be exerted to the utmost to check the progress of this great evil.—C. T. CANTUAR, Lambeth Palace, Feb. 22, 1867."

At a sale of rare engravings on Saturday last, by Messrs. Sotheby and Co., Rembrandt's celebrated "Hundred Guilder Print" was knocked down after a spirited contest for the extraordinary sum of eleven hundred and eighty pounds sterling. We in no way detract from its value, when we say that this unprecedented price was due to the spirited competition offered by an agent from a sister capital who was present, and was understood to have *carte blanche* instructions to purchase. A copy of this identical print, in a somewhat different condition, was sold ten or twelve years ago at Christie's for £400. The "Sabre Portraits" by this master was sold some years since for £600, but this was before the plate was cut down; and of this only four copies are known to exist. What would have been said to this sixty years since, when forty pounds was deemed an extravagant price for a rare print?

The Postmaster-General has announced that letters can now be sent, *via* Russia, to the following places in China, viz.—Pekin, Kalgau, Tientsin, and Urga. They must be posted in time for the night mail from London on Friday or Monday, in order to reach St. Petersburg in time for the mail despatched from that city on Tuesday and Friday. Letters going this way must be specially addressed "Via St. Petersburg," and will be charged as follows:—To Pekin, Kalgau, and Tientsin, half-an-ounce, 1s. 9d.; above half-an-ounce, and not exceeding one ounce,

3s. 6d.; and for every additional half-ounce or portion thereof, 1s. 9d. To Urga, at the following rates:—Not above half-an-ounce, 1s. 2d.; above half-an-ounce and not more than one ounce, 2s. 4d.; and for every additional half-ounce or part thereof, 1s. 2d. A fee of 4d. is charged on each registered letter in addition to the above rates.

Lord Derby's supporters, to the number of about 230, assembled at his official residence, on Monday afternoon, shortly after two o'clock. His Lordship, in a speech of some length, laid before the meeting the details of the Reform Bill which the Government were prepared to introduce, and which corresponded with the programme set forth in Mr. Disraeli's speech at night. He explained that, personally, he was inclined to favour a larger reduction of the franchise, coupled with some kind of plurality of voting; but that, finding the latter principle generally unacceptable, he had been compelled to fall back upon the £6 rating qualification in boroughs, and the £20 franchise in counties. At the same time he intimated that he should not oppose a larger extension in the counties. Lord Derby's speech was received with unanimous applause, and his proposals were accepted by the whole meeting. At the conclusion his lordship remarked that this was the last time he should deal with the question of Reform; and, should he fail now, nothing would induce him, wearied and worn as he was with the responsibilities of political life, again to accept the onerous duties of the position he now occupies.

The trustees of Mr. Peabody's gift for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of the labouring poor of London have made their annual report, in accordance with Mr. Peabody's expressed wish. By this statement it appears that the original fund has been increased by the earnings of interest and rents to the extent of £15,416 8s. 11d., making the sum total of the trust, at the end of December, 1866, £165,416 8s. 11d. This is exclusive of Mr. Peabody's supplementary gift of £100,000 for like purposes, which, with its accumulation of interest, will not come into the power of the trustees till 1869. The operation of the plan has been satisfactory, and the sanitary results highly so. The sum of £40,397 2s. 1d. was expended on the land and buildings at Islington; the gross receipts from which during the year were £1,717 16s. 9d., from which £543 16s. 4d. have to be deducted for taxes, working expenses, repairs &c., leaving a net return of £1,174 0s. 5d. In like manner, the investment in land and buildings at Spitalfields was £27,215 11s. 3d., and the gross amount of rents £1,019 8s. 6d., the taxes and expenses were £375 6s. 4d., leaving a net return of £644 2s. 2d.

The returns showing the enrolled strength and degree of efficiency of each volunteer corps throughout the kingdom have been recently issued. The total force in the metropolitan district on the 30th November last was about 25,500 men, being an increase of 150 or so in the present year. Of these about 22,000 are riflemen, 2,700 artillery, and 800 engineers. Nearly 63 per cent. (as compared with 60 per cent. last year) are efficient, while not quite 30 per cent. of the rifles and engineers earn the extra grant, being an increase of 10 per cent. on last year. There can be no doubt that the metropolitan volunteers will this year, as heretofore, compare unfavourably with provincial volunteers, both in respect of efficiency and of proportionate strength to population. The City of London maintains within its own precincts some 3,200 volunteers, formed into one artillery corps, one engineer, and three rifle corps. This is an increase upon last year of over 100 men. It may be assumed that the total volunteer force within the 12-mile circle is about 32,000 men. The most efficient corps is the 8th Tower Hamlets, which, out of the enrolled strength of 118, has 100 per cent. of efficient and 73 per cent. earning the extra 10s. The Artists and Inns of Court figure badly, the former only showing 35 per cent. of efficient and 22 per cent. of 30s. men, and the latter 39 and 13 per cent.

FOREIGN SCRAPS.

A steamer has exploded on the Mississippi. Sixty-five persons were killed.

The appointment of a Chancellor for the North German Confederation will not take place until the final adoption of the draught of the Federal Constitution.

It is stated that Count Bismarck's health is less unsatisfactory than had been supposed, and that he is suffering from an attack of rheumatism only. There are no nervous symptoms.

The American papers printed in full, on the following morning, Mr. Disraeli's speech upon Reform, and Mr. Gladstone's reply.

The French papers are full of the Yellow Book and the "Insurrection des Feneants." One of them says that the English Government is thoroughly alarmed at "le big row."

Diseases of a malignantly febrile character are on the increase in St. Petersburg, and some cases of cholera have occurred. In some instances illnesses originating in fever have terminated in cholera. Various sanitary measures are being adopted by the city authorities.

Congress establishes military Governments in the South, but will restore completely any State whenever, under the operation of a free suffrage, it adopts the new Constitution embracing the Constitutional Amendment. In the meantime, all those who were engaged in the rebellion are excluded from office and from voting.

The Prussian official papers contain congratulations on the character of the North German Parliament. The result of the elections is said to surpass the most sanguine hopes of the Prussian Government. Prince Frederick Charles has, it seems, been elected, and has accepted his election. It is said that the King has promised to Frankfort some alleviation of its burthens.

There is no mistake as to the joy of Hungary at having the Constitution of 1848 restored. In every place there are rejoicings, and in the theatres cries of "Long live the King!" resound. It is stated that the Emperor is going to Pesth and Buda to receive deputations appointed to thank him for the restoration of the Constitution.

The *Liberte* states that during the Universal Exhibition a grand chess congress is to be held in Paris under the auspices of Prince Murat, Prince de Villafranca, Count de Casabiadca, and M. Deville. The principal celebrities of the noble game are expected. America will be represented by Morphy, Prussia by Anderssen, Austria by Steinitz, England by Boden, France by de Rivière, and Hungary by Kolisch.

Joel Lindsley, the clergymen who whipped his little boy to death in Shelby, Orleans county (United States), was recently sentenced to imprisonment in the State prison at Auburn for four years and three months. The jury found a verdict of guilty of manslaughter in the second degree, the penalty of the crime being imprisonment for not more than seven nor less than four years.

Count de Nieuwerkerke, Superintendent-General of Fine Arts, has written to Cannes to inform M. Merimeé that the Emperor has been graciously pleased to charge Mr. Munro to execute a marble bust of M. Cousin for the French Academy. Mr. Munro is a Scotch sculptor who had commenced at Cannes the likeness of the late academician, and at the request of M. Merimeé took a cast of M. Cousin's face after death.

Last year, at a ball given in very high quarters, a young gentleman was awkward enough to tread upon the endless train of the dress of a lady much admired for her toilette *tapageuse*. She turned back and exclaimed, "Fichu maladroit!" "A thousand pardons, madame, but—" "But what?" interrupted the lady. "But the *fichu* would be much more becoming your shoulders than your lips." Now mark that, at the present moment, the Parisian fashion is even more *decollée*.

A letter from Toulon speaks of an act of courage and self-devotion on the part of the Abbé Tenaille, chaplain of the iron-plated frigate *Provence*; also of a corporal of marines of the same vessel. A sailor had fallen into the sea, when the abbé, perceiving the accident, sprang into the water from the port-hole of his cabin, and with the aid of the corporal, who had also thrown himself into the water, supported the drowning man until help was obtained.

A telegram from Paris seems to indicate the probability of immediate war between Greece and Turkey. The Paris journals state that a Greek steam-vessel, the *Panhellenion*, on her eleventh voyage to Crete, was pursued by a Turkish frigate and had to take refuge in the port of Cerigo. The frigate threatened to sink her if she attempted to return to Syra. Thereupon the Greek Government sent a brig-of-war to escort the *Panhellenion*, ordering her to repel force by force. Notification of this had been given to the representatives of the great Powers.

The republication in Paris is announced of various critical articles by the late Fiorentino, which will come out in a single volume. The chapter on Wagner, says M. Sarcey, is full of fine raillery. Among other things the author relates a dialogue in the stalls between two neighbours, a Wagnerian and a Rossinist. "Now, look here, monsieur," exclaims the former, "suppose you had the pilgrimage of the *Tannhäuser* to Rome to describe in music, how would you set about it?" "I should not describe it at all," replied the Rossinist, "or I should shorten it by a hundred leagues."

The following is a telegram from the Colonial Secretary of New Zealand:—"Wellington, Jan. 17 (*via* Galle, Feb. 17).—Peace prevails throughout New Zealand. The Governor's journey through the centre of the native country, from Tauranga to Wanganui, *via* Lake Taupo, was everywhere locally received. The Governor, writing from Taupo to the Superintendent of Auckland, states: 'The whole country from Tauranga and Orakei (?) on the Waikato is in a most satisfactory state. The natives show greater desire to have Europeans among them, and to follow our customs. Many natives are anxious to let their lands for sheep-runs.'

A telegram has been received at Paris from General Castelnau, dated Vera Cruz, 14th ult., confirming the news of the evacuation of the city of Mexico by the French troops, and stating that their departure elicited only sympathetic manifestations. The telegram says: "The retreat was effected in perfect order, and without a single shot being fired. The Emperor remains at the capital. The city is tranquil. The *Reine* has left, taking home the Belgian troops and the 81st regiment. Three transports have arrived at Vera Cruz, and eighteen others are signalled off the fort. The embarkation will proceed without interruption. The health of the troops is excellent. I embark to-day on board the mail steamer."

A workman, named Brieux, has just been tried at the Tribunal of Correctional Police of la Flèche (Sarthe) for a shameful act of vandalism. The company to which the quarries of Sablé belong had just executed, at great trouble and expense, a magnificent chimney-piece, cut out of a colossal block. While the men were absent at breakfast on February 8th, a mason, who had been some time before dismissed from the establishment, got into the workshop, and, with a heavy hammer, destroyed the greater part of the decorative sculpture, and was only stopped in his work of vengeance by the arrival of a foreman. The accused alleged that he was intoxicated at the moment, but the Tribunal, refusing to admit that excuse, condemned him to six months' imprisonment.

The Italian Government has issued a circular to the prefects in reference to the coming elections. This circular is virtually a reply to the manifesto of the Liberal party issued the other day. The Ministry plainly say that the late Parliament was dissolved because it would not endorse the Government policy. Like Mr. Disraeli, they ask to have their continuation in office ensured to them, and therefore plead for a complaisant Parliament. As to the Church Bill, the country is assured that the Ministry have no desire whatever to give the bishops undue power, but simply want to make the Church free. What Italy requires is a strong Government, say Ministers. Well, we shall soon see what response Italy will make to this appeal and this declaration.

A gravedigger in the cemetery of Tarare (Rhône), named Teraillon, and his wife, have just been tried before the tribunal of Correctional Police of Villefranche on a number of abominable charges of violation of tombs and mutilation of bodies. He was accused, among other things, of having, while making a grave, cut off with a saw and hatchet portions of two coffins with their contents, which projected from an adjoining tomb; of having knocked off the head of a skeleton which he sold to a quack doctor, who himself extracted the teeth, and of having buried a stillborn child naked in the ground, after having disposed of the winding-sheet and coffin to a father who had lost an infant. Most of the charges were proved, and the man was condemned to three years' imprisonment, and the woman to three months of the same punishment.

The *Moniteur* publishes a decision of the Minister of State relative to the admission of musical compositions into the great Exhibition. Music is to be represented in the triple point of view of composition, execution, and history. French and foreign composers are invited to compete by writing two pieces in praise of the Exhibition: one to be called "Cantate de l'Exhibition;" the other "Hymne à la Paix." A special committee is to judge the merits of the pieces and award prizes; two gold medals, two silver, two bronze, and six honourable mentions

being placed at the disposal of the said special committee, to be adjudged to the most deserving competitors; and also a sum of 10,000 francs to be allotted to the writer whose composition shall be thought worthy of permanently figuring as a hymn in all international solemnities. Another committee is to organise concerts, &c., to be given in the Palace of Industry in the month of July. Six gold medals, twelve silver, twelve bronze, and sixty honourable mentions are to be placed at the disposal of the Committee of Musical Execution to recompense artists classed in the first rank. A committee is also to organise a series of concerts in the Salle de Solfèvre, annexed to the building in the Champ de Mars.

The principal provisions of the proposed new French law on the right of public meeting are as follows—Art. 1: The right of meeting is granted for the discussion of all questions not relating to matters of a political, religious, or politico-economic nature, nor concerning the existing imposts. Art. 2: The meeting must be called by a declaration in writing, signed by ten persons domiciled at the place where the meeting is to be held. Art. 3: The meeting must be held in a closed and covered area. Art. 4: The committee of the meeting must consist of a president and two assessors. Art. 5: A functionary sent by the Government may be present at the meeting. Art. 6: This functionary has the right to dissolve the meeting in the following cases: If the discussion deviates from the object of the meeting, if the meeting becomes tumultuous, or if offences by words, gestures, or violence are committed by one or more members of the assembly. Art. 7: Election meetings may be held during the time from the day of the promulgation of the decree convoking the electoral collages for the election of deputies to the *Corps Législatif*, until the fifth day before the opening of the scrutiny. Only the electors of the district and the candidates may be present at these meetings. Art. 8: Election meetings are subject to the rules and prescriptions of the preceding articles relative to other meetings. Offences against these rules are punished with fines of from 800 francs to 10,000 francs, or by imprisonment of from six days to six months.

The Court of Assizes of Blois has just been engaged in the trial of a young girl named Celestine Mulot, aged sixteen years only, for a murder committed under circumstances of the most barbarous deliberation. An old woman named Defins, who hawked small mercery wares about the country, called on the 24th of November last on the father of the accused to obtain payment of a sum of 1 franc 80 centimes due to her. The money was paid by the young girl, who, when the old woman opened her portmanteau to receive the sum, perceived in it three gold pieces of 5 francs each. The girl appears to have then immediately formed the project of murdering and robbing the hawker, and at once declared that she would accompany her, to show her a short way across the country. The girl took with her a bill-book, under the pretence of cutting some small fire-wood on her way. Celestine Mulot appeared in the evening in the houses of several neighbours without betraying the least emotion, and even displayed openly the three gold pieces she had now in her possession. The body of the woman was found in an unfrequented place twelve days after, the back of the skull beaten in with some heavy instrument. A part of the face had also in the meantime been devoured by birds of prey. As the accused was the last person with whom the old woman had been seen alive, a search at the father's house was made, and led to the discovery of the bill-book, still stained with blood, and the portmanteau. The girl then confessed the crime, but added that her intention had been only to recover the money she had paid to the hawker. She was sentenced to fifteen years' hard labour.

The *New York Home Journal* publishes the last letter written by N. P. Willis, and addressed to the editor of that journal:—"Idlewild, December 11, 1866. Dear Mr. Phillips,—I send you the article papa wrote the other day; but he wishes you to keep it, and not publish it until after his death. Papa seems better to-day; but then, you know, he is well one day and very ill the next; so there is not much comfort to be gained from that. He sends kind messages to you, and says he hopes to write to you himself this week.—In haste, sincerely yours, IMOGEN W. EDY."—*Invalid Letter*.—"Sick Room, Idlewild, December 4, 1866. Dear Phillips,—The promptness and efficiency and devotion with which you sprang to my side on the doctor's announcing me a dying man at my city lodgings were memorable indeed. You got me home on that beautiful Sunday, as few, except a 'ministering angel,' could have done the kindness. I am not suffering at present; but my paralysis has gradually crept from my legs upward to my lungs, and I am unable to sit erect without fainting. I am still very much as usual in the brain. With a fearful storm raging in the Highlands about me, I am thinking how you are 'making up' without me at the office, and wishing I were a 'wee' bit nearer to you. My friendship with you, which I cherish so pleasantly, stands a chance to be the last fully intellectual act of my life; yet it is by no means a novelty. When I found dear old Morris loving you, and making you his private secretary and literary assistant, ten years ago, I adopted you as a creature to be loved, and I have found you to be a man singularly modest, and curiously unappreciative of many good qualities in yourself. I think, for an editor, your capacities are excellent. There is no better appreciator of a good thing, moral or intellectual, statistic or witty; but, as a business friend and partner, you are invaluable. I am gratified to have lived long enough to get you fairly into harness, as a well-developed partner and co-worker. I could have wished for more—but, alas! for this fragmentary life, it is hard to be taken soon enough; it is hard to be left long enough. I am writing this half-dead and half-alive, by the hand of my attentive and sweet wife, and it is not to be published while I live. But you will be at liberty to refer to it and print it, *post-mortem*.—God bless you, my dear friend, yours faithfully, thus far,—N. P. WILLIS."

Now that the danger is happily past, we may refer to the very serious nature of the illness from which the Princess of Wales is gradually recovering. Rheumatic fever, always an alarming complaint, is particularly alarming when it attacks a lady in the delicate state of health in which her Royal highness happened to be at the time of the visitation. Rheumatic fever is capricious in its attacks, and the doctors attending the Princess were afraid that the disease might fly to some vital part.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]

You can restore health and strength without medicine, inconvenience, or expense by eating Du Barry's delicious health-restoring Invalid and Infants' Food, the Revelenta Arabica, which yields thrice the nourishment of the best meat, and cures Dyspepsia (indigestion), Cough, Asthma, Consumption, Debility, Palpitation of the Heart, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Acidity, Heartburns, Nervous, Bilious, Liver, and Stomach complaints, and saves fifty times its cost in other remedies. 50,000 cures, including that of His Holiness the Pope, which had resisted all other remedies for thirty years. Du Barry and Co., 77, Regent-street, London. In fine, at 1s. 4d.; 1lb, 2s. 9d.; 12lbs, 22s.; 24lbs, 40s. At all grocers.—[Advertisement.]

THE FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

Our lady subscribers may glean from the following every important detail for the present fashion. We may frankly mention that we have it direct from the most approved Parisian authority on modes.

Short dresses for ball toilets are the exception; most evening dresses have a train two yards or two yards and a half long. The dress is made either in the *fourreau* shape or with a low bodice with long or short basques.

Dress in the *fourreau* shape, of moss-green satin (a bright shade of green extremely fashionable); this dress has a bodice so very low that it does not reach up to the arm-pits; it has, therefore, no sleeves, it is scalloped out round the top, and trimmed with narrow blonde embroidered with pearl beads. A chemisette of white pleated tulle, with short sleeves, is worn inside this bodice; the skirt of the *fourreau* dress is short, rounded at the bottom, and open in front and at the back; it is trimmed with a border embroidered in small pearl beads, and edged round with white lace. The under-skirt, forming a sweeping train at the back, is of white satin, trimmed with cross-strips of moss-green satin fastened by ornaments of pearl beads. A scarf of white tulle is fastened on the right shoulder by a pearl brooch, and tied loosely under the left arm. Coiffure of lotus leaves, with long crystal beads falling in a fringe over the forehead.

Some young ladies dresses are made quite in the Grecian style, with a pleated bodice and plump. These dresses are very simple; they are of white gauze or tarlatan over white glace silk, with a light green, blue, or rose-coloured satin ribbon passed through the hem of the skirt, bodice, and plump. The bodice is cut so low in front that a pleated chemisette of white muslin or tulle becomes indispensable.

Ladies dress their hair more than ever a *l'antique*. The chignon is now so enormous, and worn much higher than last year. Hair plaits and curls (either natural or artificial) compose the coiffure; but few ornaments are added to them, a few strings and fringes of beads, or bandelettes brocaded in gold and silver, with one flower, or even one large leaf, tastefully arranged in the hair.

No ball toilet is considered complete without a necklace. These are made of crystal beads of all colours, with long pendant ornaments. The most elegant ladies leave their real diamonds in their casket to wear these ornaments of cut glass, such are the caprices of fashion!

We very much prefer to all this showy tinsel the *jewels* of flowers, so fresh looking, so perfectly imitated from nature, which are also very much the fashion this winter.

A *parure* formed of mulberries composed of tiny oval pearl beads, with golden brown tinted foliage, and mounted upon ribbons of bright crimson velvet, appeared to us in very good taste. All kinds of small fruit and berries are also arranged in bandelettes for the hair, necklaces and bracelets, upon velvet or moire ribbons.

An evening dress is made of rose-coloured terry velvet; it is trimmed round the bottom with a border of swansdown; a second border of the same fur simulates a tunic upon the skirt, which is besides sprinkled all over with tufts of swansdown fastened on with large crystal beads. The low bodice and short sleeves are also trimmed with swansdown. The waistband is of gold and enamel, in the Byzantine style. Necklace formed of a triple row of pearls. This toilet is extremely becoming to a young married lady. Though rich, it has a great air of simplicity.

Bonnets are always very small and very coquettish, and since the most diminutive shapes have been maintained during the severest cold weather of the winter, it is probable they will still be the fashion in the spring.

The following models will be worn until Easter—a bonnet, with a crown in the shape of a *torquet*, and a small round brim, of mauve terry velvet, trimmed with satin *roleaux* of the same colour; long fringes of pearl beads in front and at the back, one mauve velvet flower edged with large leaves of white lace, on one side; strings of mauve gros-grained silk.

A *Sevigne* bonnet of blue velvet, the crown is ornamented with a pattern of sheaves, embroidered with small jet bugles; a handsome black curled feather is placed in front, a large bow and lapels of black lace embroidered with beads, at the back; wide strings of blue velvet fastened with a jet brooch; violet of black lace, embroidered all over with jet beads.

A bonnet of a rounded shape, of rose-coloured satin, stretched plain over the crown and pleated all round the border; border of white marabout feathers and grelots of white jet in front lapels of white blonde tied at the back; double strings, the first of rose-coloured satin ribbon, the second of white blonde.

Collars are still made very small; they have square or rounded lapels in front.

The prettiest *parures* of Venetian guipure or point lace, are made up with coloured velvet or moire ribbon. The collars are formed of a straight strip round the neck, and are either tied as a cravat in front, or finished by lapels fastened with a brooch. The cuffs, of lace to match, cover the wrists and fall over the hands.

More simple collars are made of fine linen, with patterns in Valenciennes or guipure lace worked in *appique* over them; the linen is cut away under these patterns, the clear transparency of which forms a good contrast with the plain thick material. The cuffs to match have turned back revers.

For the evening, bodices are made of fine plaited muslin, or tulle, trimmed with lace. They are low, to wear with corsets of coloured silk or satin. This fashion is far more becoming for evening or ball dresses than that of *fourreau* dresses with low bodices. It is especially suitable for young ladies. A wide sash, to match with the bodice, is tied half-way up the skirt of the dress. The necklace and bandelettes for the hair are also generally of velvet or moire ribbon of the same colour.

LABOUR.

Oh, there's a good in labour,
If we labour but aright,
That gives vigour in the daytime,

A sweater sleep at night:

A good that bringeth pleasure,

E'en to the toiling hours;

For duty cheers the spirit,

As dew revives the flowers.

Then say not that Jehovah

Gave labour as a doom;

No—'tis the richest mercy

From the cradle to the tomb,

Then let us still be doing

Whate'er we find to do,

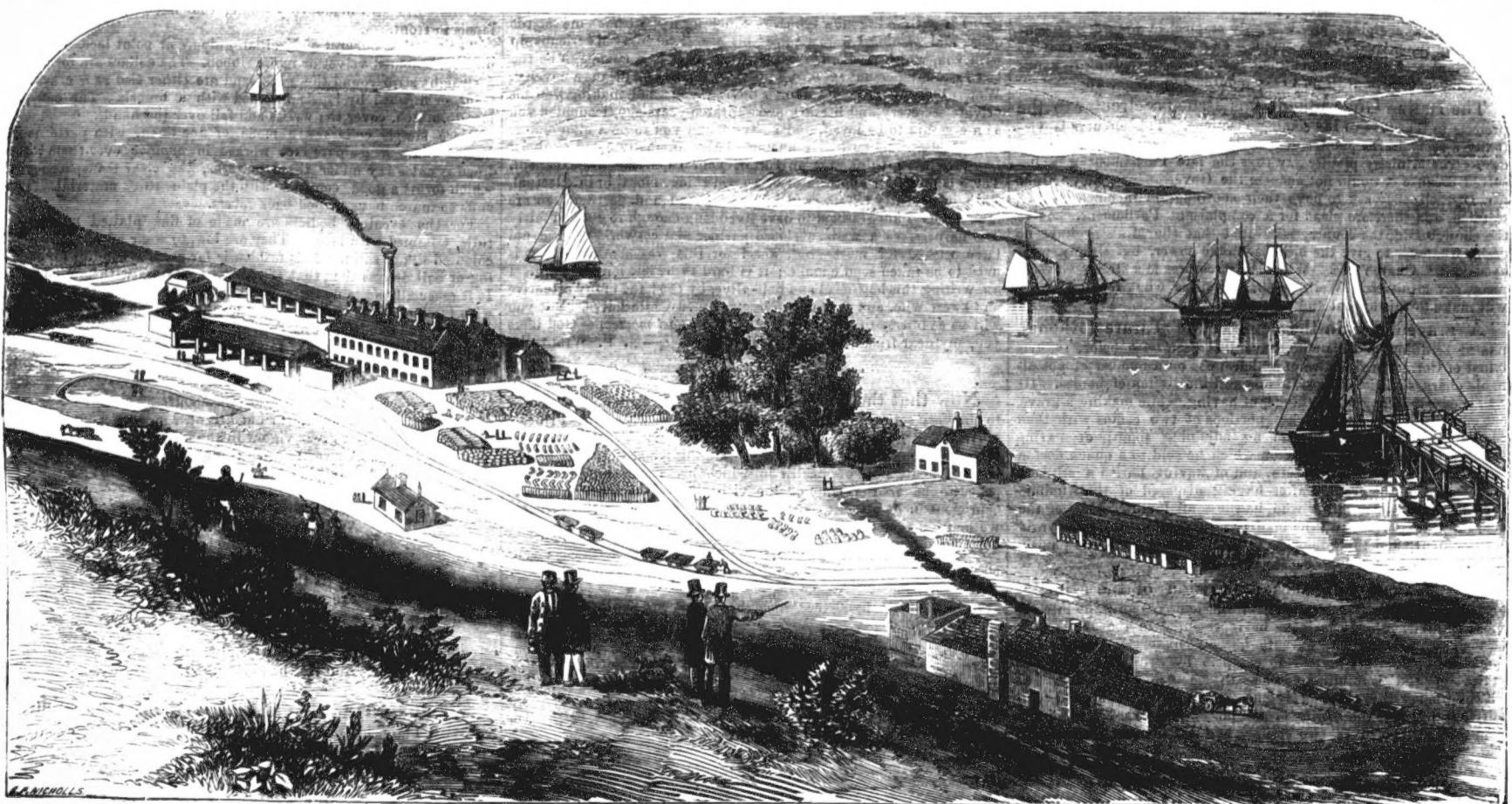
With gleeful, hopeful spirit,

And free hand strong and true.

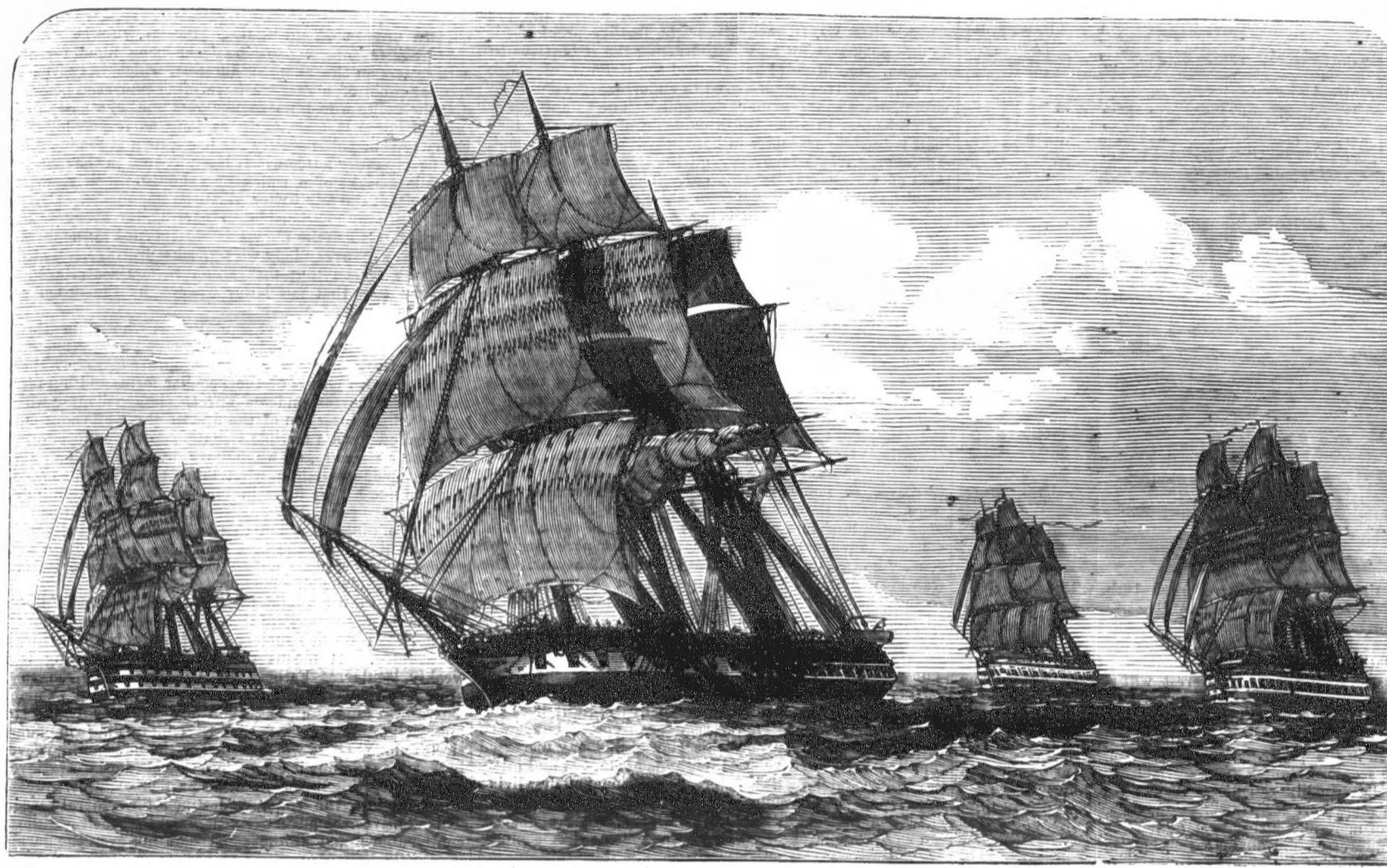
We understand that H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh will visit Paris this summer.



GRANDSTAIRCASE IN THE KING'S PALACE AT BERLIN. (See Page 58.)



BRANKSEA ISLAND, POOLE HARBOUR. (See Page 59.)



VESSELS OF WAR CRUISING OFF IRELAND.

VESSELS OF WAR CRUISING OFF IRELAND.

ELSEWHERE we have given details of the state of Ireland at the present time, and such particulars of the Fenian rising as may be interesting to our readers. By the prompt despatch of vessels of war to different parts, especially towards Valentia, the sea-coast districts were held in awe, and any supposed assistance from America was cut off. Above we give an engraving of English vessels of war cruising off the coast of Ireland, and with such formidable customers to deal with, we may well imagine, that short work would be made of any craft suspected of being equipped by American Fenians, of which of late we have so much boasting as being formidable.

THE FENIAN JOKE.

We extract the following from an interesting private letter about the Killarney raid:—"The military people were not at all wrong in their arrangements. They only came *in aid* of the civil power, and so, of course, had only to do what the magistrates asked, and it was they who withdrew the troops first sent out to the left of the range of mountains, and so allowed the rear towards Kenmare to be open. Directly Horsford arrived he pushed more troops forward to Kenmare itself, and re-occupied the position which ought never to have been left; but it was too late, for the men had come down the hills just where the troops would have caught them if they had been there, and had there turned off again over a fresh line of country, with the exception of those who got back into Killarney. There will be a row at Limerick, I think, before long, and it is not improbable another at Cork. Fresh troops—the Queen's Own I think the regiment was called—were sent into Limerick to-day. The police have made a great haul of fellows just on the borders of Limerick and Kerry, and the policeman who was shot is dead: he died this morning. The troops at Killarney are going to camp out over the mountains. Tents and camp kettles came down yesterday, before I left. If the weather remains fine it will be pleasant enough; but in wet and mist I think they will wish themselves back at the railway hotel."

An occurrence, involved in considerable mystery, has been discovered at the New Barracks. It appears that early on Sunday morning a large opening was discovered at the base of the wall behind the soldiers' quarters at the Collooney-street side of the barrack, about twelve feet wide, sufficient to admit the passing through of two or three men. The opening was made from the outside, and whether it was by the falling in of the wall, or that it was effected by Fenians with the view of gaining access to the barracks, we are unable to state, as the matter is veiled in so much mystery, and the military authorities are so uncommunicative, and keep everything taking place there from the public, that it is impossible to obtain anything in the way of reliable information, except the fact known throughout the city, that the breach is there to be seen. Between the barrack wall and the premises in Collooney-street is another wall shutting off the latter, leaving an area between both; and it would not be difficult for parties who knew the place to get over the outer wall into the area, and remove a number of the stones in the barrack wall on a dark night, without being seen, or the noise heard by the sentries, whose stations are at a distance from where the breach has been made. Major-General Borton, accompanied by Captain Nagle, A.D.C., who arrived in town last night, was all day holding an inquiry into the discovery, and it being concluded, he made an inspection of the entire barracks, and also of the ordnance, Castle, and militia barracks in the City.

We learn from Killarney that the greatest tranquillity still prevails in every part of the county of Kerry, and that all apprehension of a renewed attempt at disturbance has so completely disappeared, that some of the troops have already been ordered back

to the Curragh Camp. No trace of the fugitive Fenians has yet been discovered. It is intended to hold on Monday, at Cahirciveen, an investigation into the origin of, and the circumstances connected with, the late "rising." A farmer living near that town has been arrested for attempting to administer the Fenian oath to a soldier of the 14th Regiment. The prisoner, with three others, who have been committed for trial for being present at the attack on the coastguard station, were sent off to Tralee on Thursday week, in charge of troops and constabulary. It is said that considerable sympathy was shown by the population for the prisoners.

One of the two men arrested while endeavouring to land at Dublin from the *New Draper*, collier, from Whitehaven, turns out to be an important person in connection with the Fenian conspiracy. Jackson has been identified as Captain John McCafferty, of the late Confederate army, who was put upon his trial at Cork for treason-felony, but was discharged on a point of law that he had committed no overt act in this country. He is said to have afterwards returned to America, and thence to England, where he has been actively engaged in the Fenian interests. His companion is believed to be the chief organiser of the conspiracy in England.

PROGRESS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

ONE of the curiosities of the Exhibition will be seen in the military encampment tents, &c., in the *Parc Francais*. A sentry-box will be placed at the entrance, which is to be the special property of a sentinel, who will stop you as you go past and inquire your name. You naturally inquire for what purpose. To write it down. What for? You will see. Rather than refuse to oblige the poor fellow—who, it is evident, is a wounded invalid—you comply with his request, whereupon he immediately copies your patronymic, and hands it to you. You then remark that he has written with a mechanical arm, which costs but 15f. for the poor, and is one of the *appareils* supplied by the International Society for the Assistance of Naval and Military Men Wounded in Action. One tent of this department will contain drawings and photographs bearing on the question; in a circular hole will be a collection of the surgical instruments, stretchers, spring carts, &c., used on the field of battle by the society. Hospital tents will be erected in the park, and a series of lay figures representing wounded men will exemplify the applicability of these newly-invented appliances for their relief. The adjoining ground belongs to the *Ministere de la Guerre*, and will simulate a field of battle, with a park of artillery, &c. M. Duruy, Minister of Public Instruction, will exhibit *objets destines à l'enseignement*—articles intended for educational purposes. What does his Excellency mean to exhibit? Are we to have a case of placards bearing the words, "Idle," "Liar," &c., written on them; and another with "Rulers," "Fool's-cap," &c.? Canes, cats-o'-nine-tails, and such like instruments of torture not being allowed in any school, college, or educational establishment in the French Empire, we shall certainly not see that favourite mode of British instruction, and yet it would be utterly preposterous not to admit that the amount of classical, mathematical, and scientific knowledge acquired for the simplest examination in France is far higher than in England.

To prevent inconvenience to the exhibitors who are punctual in sending their goods to the Paris Exhibition from the delays of those who are not punctual, and to remove misapprehensions which appear to exist, that the opening of the Exhibition will be deferred to a later date than the 1st of April, M. Rouher, Minister of State and Vice-President of the Imperial Commission, has issued an order, which appears in the *Moniteur* of the 19th inst., to the following effect:—"1. The Imperial Commission will proceed on the 11th of March to survey the various allotments, and will draw up a list of the exhibitors whose goods have not been brought

within the Champs de Mars. 2. The juries of the various classes will proceed on the 29th of March to a general inspection, and they will prepare a list of exhibitors whose fittings and cases are not completed and furnished with objects. 3. The exhibitors mentioned on these two lists will not be admitted to compete for rewards. 4. The Commissary-General, Councillor of State, is charged with the execution of the present decree,—Paris, 18th February, 1867. (Signed) E. ROUHER."

A company has started in Paris to insure the Exhibition against fire, the effects of lightning, and the explosion of gas.

Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Paris Exhibition held a meeting in the Sheepshank's Gallery of the South Kensington Museum, on Saturday morning. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales presided, and 39 of the Royal Commissioners were present. Mr. Henry Cole, secretary to the commission, attended.

MULGRAVE CASTLE, NEAR WHITBY, YORK-SHIRE.

VISITORS to Whitby during the season, generally make it a point to visit Mulgrave Castle, an engraving of which will be found on page 57. It is the seat of the Marquis of Normanby, who takes from hence his title of Earl. It stands on a fine spot near the remains of the ancient castle, which belonged to Wada, the Saxon. Mulgrave Castle came through the Fossards, &c., to Peter de Mauley, who rebuilt it in king John's time, calling it "Mont-grace," which his enemies changed to "Mont-grave," hence the present name of Mulgrave. Near it is the beautiful valley of the Esk, with the picturesque intermingling of the hills, villas, plantations, and healthy moors. Altogether it is a most charming place.

According to intelligence received at Athens from Candia to the 9th ult., the Sphakiotes had formed the resolution to continue the conflict against the Turks in conjunction with the other Christians in the island. None of the Sphakiotes had submitted, with the exception of a few villages, the inhabitants of which had no time to remove their property out of the reach of the Imperialists, and only yielded to prevent its being destroyed. Being afterwards called upon by Mustapha Pasha to sign a declaration of their submission, and to send him two notables as hostages, they only feigned compliance with this demand, sending in place of notables some disguised peasants, and a declaration signed only by persons of inferior position. After the submission of the Sphakiote villages, Mustapha Pasha determined to return to Canea by land, but while marching to that town his troops were attacked in the mountain defiles by a body of Sphakiotes, and met with a repulse. On the 28th January an encounter took place between the insurgents and the Ottoman troops under Mehemet Pasha, in which the latter were worsted. An important engagement occurred on the 28th January near Herachon, which also terminated unfavourably for the Turks. The latter were said to be in considerable force, and to have sustained heavy loss. On the return of Mustapha Pasha to Canea he had with him only 5,000 men, although when he left that town his troops are believed to have been 7,000 or 8,000 strong. On the 4th ult., Mustapha Pasha promulgated the ordinance of the Sultan. The Cretan Assembly General, however, some days before that event, issued an edict declaring any Cretans who should consent to go to Constantinople as delegates to be traitors to their country. The Cretan leaders had expressed themselves well satisfied with the departure of the volunteers who recently surrendered to the Turks and were conveyed to the Piraeus, on the ground that, not being inured to campaigning they hindered rather than aided the Cretan operations.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

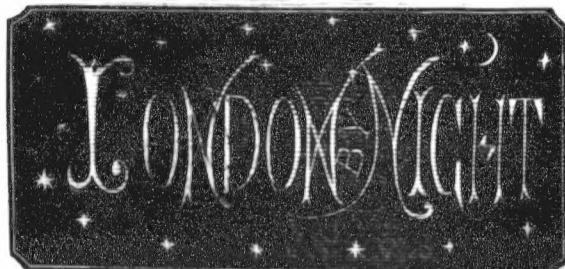
ANNIVERSARIES

		H. W. L. B.
		A. M. P. M.
D. W.		
3. S.	Quinguagesima. Shrove Sunday	... 0 26
4. M.		0 51 1 14
5. T.	Order of St. Patrick instituted, 1783	... 1 33 1 50
6. W.	Charles II. died, 1685	... 2 13 2 35
7. TH.	Convict Riot at Chatham, 1861	... 2 49 3 5
8. F.	Mary Queen of Scots beheaded, 1587	... 3 21 3 39
9. S.	Major-General Dick killed, 1846	... 3 57 4 16
	Moon's changes.....New Moon, 6th day, 9h. 38m. a.m.	

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to the EDITOR, Drury House, Drury-court, St. Mary-le-Strand, London.

Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.



UNDER this heading, on March 16th, will be given the first of a series of papers illustrative of some of the darker scenes of life in the metropolis. One or two of these papers especially, may, for thrilling interest, and startling revelation, fairly challenge the wildest page of fiction. At the same time the chief interest will rest in the fact that the papers are the plain, unvarnished records of night in the London streets—that everything will be strict veracity, and can be authenticated by the person or persons concerned in the paper. We mention this, that any of our more sceptical readers may, by addressing us on the subject, be speedily satisfied; always providing that they have some more serious object in view, than the gratification of mere idle curiosity. In most instances names will be suppressed for obvious reasons; but we may mention that several of the papers have been furnished by a well-known civic official,* who has fallen in with the passages he narrates in the course of his professional duties. In two instances the hero of the adventures will speak for himself. These, we may at once inform our readers, were the cause of us giving the present series of papers, and the particulars were forwarded to us amongst the mass of weekly correspondence for publication. They have been slightly elaborated by a few strokes from a practised pen into more readable narratives; but the matter has been in no way exaggerated nor altered. We are authorised by these two correspondents, to use our own discretion in giving their names and addresses to any inquirers. Several papers of our "London by Night" are the researches of a gentleman who has spent an incalculable time in those out-of-the-way haunts of the London Arabs, which few of our own condition would have the courage to penetrate. Those papers, however, which can be more easily authenticated, will obtain the first place in our columns, and the series will commence with a most astounding relation, entitled

Resurgam.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1867.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE CONSERVATIVE RESOLUTIONS.

"RESOLUTION," from the commencement of history up to the present moment this word is one which has helped to show, more than any other, the weakness, want of purpose, and vacillation of mankind. Kings and Cabinets have done great things by being true to it; few, if any, have ever attained to a position of strength or dignity without it. The Derby-Disraeli Government, it would seem, have done all they could to parody the word, and have proposed to the House of Commons not one Resolution, but a series of Resolutions. Considering the many dissensions that, it is said, have taken place, it would be surprising if the Government possessed any resolution. However, they determined upon one thing, and that was, to tell the country that they had at last come to a conclusion. For weeks Mr. Disraeli has chosen to create a great mystery—has chosen to treat the nation as if it were a weak and talkative young woman, who could not be trusted, for fear of transferring the secret to some other. The whole truth is, that Mr. Disraeli has had very little to tell. He and his colleagues did not know what to be about, and so they have attempted, like the ignorant man at the dinner party, to say as little as possible. After a most irritating delay the Chancellor of the Exchequer informed the House of Commons that he was prepared to enter upon the question of Reform by means of suggesting thirteen resolutions which were first to be discussed, so that a basis of Reform might be settled. The wording of the resolutions was charmingly vague, and even if they had been accepted by Parliament any construction court have been put upon them. Mr. Bright or Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Lowe or Mr. Forster could each have pitched his own particular tent thereon. The whole propo-

sition was one suggested out of a timid policy, and the result is that Mr. Disraeli gives still further proof of his intense weakness by now withdrawing the resolutions in question. On Monday he sketched the Reform Bill which the Conservatives are prepared to endorse. Again, in its way, nothing could be more decrepit. The Chancellor of the Exchequer suggests the bringing in of a measure which shall reduce the franchise in boroughs to a £6 rating; and, moreover, invents four new qualifications by which the right of voting may be acquired. The first is an educational franchise. The next franchise would be a savings' bank one, the qualification being £30 in the savings' bank for a period of one year. The third franchise would be founded on funded property. He proposed that any person who had £50 in the public funds of this country should be entitled to a vote. Lastly, that every person who paid 20s. a year in direct taxation should have a vote. As regards the counties he proposes that the qualification shall be reduced to a £20 rating. Now as to the question of voting in counties the House of Commons last year came to a determination that a £14 renting tenancy should admit voters for the county. Mr. Disraeli is acting very much like the ostrich which buries its head in the sand, and thinks that everything is progressing satisfactorily. How can the House of Commons stultify itself by ignoring last year's legislation, and endorse a retrogressive policy. If a £6 Rating Franchise Bill were to exist, the industrial orders would receive only a very small modicum of Reform, inasmuch as thousands of electors, to possess this qualification must necessarily be renting houses in most instances of £8 or £9 a-year. The franchise obtained by the possession of £30 in a savings' bank, or £50 in the funds may have some advantages. The plan would open the way for the creation of faggot votes, and would give the unscrupulous trader in votes a new lease of business. The great drawback to the Bill as it at present stands exists in the entire absence of any lodger franchise. The educational qualification may give many the right of voting who are not inscribed on the register of votes; but few of the humbler orders will by this clause find any increased representation. There are thousands of honest and intelligent men, taking a deep interest in national affairs, living in apartments who, under a lodger franchise, might find an answer to their just demands. Bribery, we are glad to see, is dealt with by Mr. Disraeli in a somewhat comprehensive manner. The demoralisation of electors under the system now in existence is a great blot upon our national life and is a disgrace to the kingdom as well as to the elected. To rid ourselves of this political plague-spot should be the desire of every honourable man, and the Government that invents a cure for this grave political evil will have at least obtained an honourable distinction. It is evident that Mr. Disraeli is prepared to accept nearly any terms from the Opposition. Mr. Gladstone, at the meeting held at Carlton-terrace, manifested a forbearance and conciliation which reflects upon him the highest credit as a statesman both patriotic and unselfish. Sweet are the uses of adversity, and this is admirably proved by the conduct of this gentleman since his abdication of office. Let us hope that both the Whigs and the Radicals will approach this subject influenced by a spirit of justice and wisdom. If ever there was a time in the history of our country when the nation's representatives should meet a great question in a mood fraught with reflection and conscientiousness, this is that time. The future of our country is to be decided, and the decision that is about to take place is one requiring vast judgment and profound enquiry.

THE LIBERAL PARTY.

On Tuesday afternoon at two o'clock, a meeting of the Liberal party was held at Mr. Gladstone's residence in Carlton-gardens, to consider the Ministerial proposition with respect to Reform. Two hundred and eighty nine members attended, besides several others, who were unable to attend, sent letters of adhesion. As the meeting was too large to be contained in any room in the house, it assembled in the hall, and Mr. Gladstone addressed those present from the landing of the staircase. Mr. Gladstone opened the proceedings by counselling moderation and fair play towards the Government, and at the same time impressed on the Liberal party the necessity of union, in order to bring about a satisfactory settlement of the Reform question. Lord Russell followed Mr. Gladstone, recommending the party to follow him as their leader in the House of Commons, and impressing on them the momentous nature of the crisis. The other speakers were Lord Grosvenor, Mr. Bright, Mr. Clay, &c. After a little further discussion, the meeting separated with the understanding that when the Ministerial proposals were embodied in a Bill, another meeting should be held to consider the course to be adopted.

GRAND STAIRCASE IN THE KING'S PALACE AT BERLIN.

The opening of the North German Parliament is the all-important topic in Berlin at the present time. On Monday the number of Deputies present were 220, amongst whom was Prince Frederick Charles. The Prussian Ministers, Count Bismarck, Baron von der Heydt, Count Itzenplitz, and Herr von Savigny, were also present.

All the Members of the North German Parliament were afterwards invited to dine at the Royal Palace, an engraving of the grand staircase to the reception room, of which will be found on page 52.

We understand that on account of the representations made to her Majesty, the proposition to give a regiment to Prince Christian has been abandoned.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething, has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known. It is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child and gives it rest. It softens the gums and allays all pain or irritation, it regulates the bowels, cures wind, cholic, or dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. It is highly recommended by medical men, and is sold by all medicine dealers at 1s. 1d. per bottle. Full directions on the bottling. Office, 266, High Holborn, London.—[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE CHIGNON.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS."

SIR.—The morning papers have been filled recently with letters on the chignon question, which has given us another proof of a fact we have often remarked before—that the polite world no sooner gets hold of a nasty topic than it keeps it tenaciously as long as it possibly can. Every type of polite society has had a turn at the question, and nearly every letter which has appeared in the morning journals smacks of a smirk or a simper which seems to indicate that the fair writer gloats on her theme. Certain visitors are unmentionable to ears polite every second letter informs us (the phrase is stereotyped in the mental vocabulary of every lady who speaks prettily). Is this, then, the reason that the *certain visitors* are alluded to in every way that fair letter writers by the dozen can invent?

Misses Gush, and Pert, and Pusey, who pique themselves on their correspondence, have had a rare time of it for the past fortnight, and the morning papers have been inundated with letters of the peculiar forms and hues that the gentler correspondents affect. The gallantry which prompted the insertion of the first of these effusions must have called down a terrible visitation on the editorial head. If those we see are, as we believe, the pick of the letters on the topic in agitation, what must the rejected compositions be like? We have in our mind's eye certain billets we have seen penned by fair hands, twice crossed upon the thinnest of pink note, and this in that angular caligraphy which is illegible at the best of times; and we sigh passionately for those unhappy wights to whose lot falls the reading of the chignon correspondence.

This is, to use a mild form of expression, painful, but even more distressing are those letters emanating from the sterner sex; on this subject *Paterfamilias* is a signature to be avoided. It means that the letter preceding it is weakly jocular. Fathers of families are given to a kind of mild fun that dutiful wives and amiable daughters laugh at, as they are in duty bound to; but we would suggest that it is interesting in family circles alone. The worst phase in the question, however, is that Figaro finds it convenient to feel himself aggrieved, and, by asserting the purity of his particular wares, squeezes a circular into the columns destined for general readers. This deprives the advertisement sheets of their legitimate contributions, and at the same time not even the garnish of a little barber-erudition or barber-waggery can render them acceptable to the smallest percentage of newspaper readers.

In the "Orpheus C. Kerr Papers" an anecdote occurs which satirically illustrates the expedients that an American advertiser resorts to. Amongst others we remember that when a wounded Federal soldier is supposed to be dying, a Mr. Brown comes to his tent and says to a comrade of the former that when dead he presumes the friends of the departed hero will erect a grand monument over his earthly remains, and, taking this for granted, he offers a good round sum to have his advertisement on one side of the tomb! He suggests something neat and appropriate, viz.:

"We all must die,
BUT BROWN'S DYE IS THE BEST."

What a point would the indefatigable Brown have made of the chignon agitation!

What surprises us most, we confess, is that, while the voluminous correspondence has opened all kinds of discussion relating to the chignon, the question of the sources from which the tons of human hair are obtained has been dismissed with a few brief sentences. And yet we believe that a word of explanation upon this head would more effectively aid in disgusting the fair fashionables with the unsightly and unreal burdens they carry on on their necks than the existence in them of any quantity of *pediculi* or *gregarines*. It has been asserted that Russia meets the greater portion of the demand; but this is no doubt advanced to frighten the patrons of the chignon; for the Russian peasants are proverbially uncleanly. We have all heard that the Russian sends his fur-cap periodically to be baked! But what we have not all heard is, that the extraordinary demand for human hair has to be met with irregular practices, of which the initiated speak only in whispers—that a great proportion of chignons are composed of *DEAD HAIR*; that is, *hair cut from dead bodies*. How this is obtained we have not sufficient authority to venture on asserting; but, however vast may be the legitimate resources of the dealers in dead hair, it is far from an impossible surmise that the sanctity of the grave may be violated in many instances. Under the heading of "Mornings with the Magistrates," in this present issue, will be found a case which fairly illustrates how trifling a consideration will induce the perpetration of a sacrilegious atrocity. Then let the fair patrons of the chignon discard the unsightly thing which destroys the symmetry of their pretty heads. Let them think how great is the probability that they have been carrying about them a relic of the tomb; and if they still persist let them listen affrightedly for the midnight hour, and then dive reverently under the coverlid, lest the restless tenant of some yawning grave drop in with her claim to the knot of hair that stands upon the dressing-table!

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JASEY.

We extract the following from the *Lombardia* of Milan:—The theatre of La Scala was this week threatened with a strike which might have produced the closing of the house. The chorus girls refused to sing, on the pretext that the management had violated the rules of the "Singing School," to which they belonged, by overcharging them with rehearsals, instead of giving them the instruction they had a right to receive. Peace was restored by the management consenting to pay them 1fr. each for the evenings in which they did not

ODD GOSSIP 'BOUT STRANGE PLACES.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO LONDON LABOUR AND THE LONDON POOR.

QUALITY-COURT.

QUALITY-COURT is an insignificant place, near the top of Chancery-lane, on the right hand side as the enterprising traveller ascends from Fleet-street. It is insignificant as to its dimensions, its houses, and its architecture generally. A Temple laundress was once heard to say that she would not attend upon any gentleman who had chambers in a court without a pump in it. This lady, with a mild prejudice, would not have found her Paradise in Quality-court. Yet this locality has acquired a notoriety of late years, for which, we believe, we are correct in stating it has Lord Westbury to thank. It is in the delectable vicinity of Quality-court that composition-deeds are filed. A refuge for the destitute, whether in Fleet-lane or elsewhere, may be a grand thing, but no eleemosynary institution, invented by the fertile mind of charitable man, can at all compare with the 42nd section of the Bankruptcy Act of 1861. The despairing and otherwise deplorable debtor, hunted and worried by persecuting creditors, by its means discovers that there is such a thing as balm in Gilead, and the wicked impecunious man finds that there is rest for the soles of their feet. The magic phrases, "Majority in number and three-fourths in value," are like manna in the wilderness to them. For the benefit of the uninitiated we may state briefly the nature and purpose of a composition-deed. The uninitiated may be classed under the following heads:—Those who are lucky, those who are frugal, those who are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and those who remain honest in a sink of iniquity and among ravening wolves. A debtor may obliterate his debts if he can obtain a majority in number of his creditors, representing three-fourths in value of the whole amount of his debts, to consent to his deed. Let us take the case of Ensign Spendfast or Lieutenant Deepindebt. Those highly respectable and well-connected young gentlemen have a pious horror of bankruptcy. It would, they fancy, blight their career and nip their marital ardour in the bud. They also shrink from the terrible fiat of the implacable commissioner, "Let the bankrupt be sworn." When bankrupts are sworn, counsel appearing for the creditors might put some awkward interrogations to them. The court does not look leniently upon those who contract debts without a reasonable expectation of payment—"an allowance from my father" is a vague source of income. The pay of an officer in the army is scarcely sufficient to keep the gentleman who wears her Majesty's uniform in decent weeds and necessary sodas and brandy. The composition-deed avoids all this unpleasantries. No rude queries are put by an impudent barrister to an innocent and unfortunate insolvent, no vulgar little peasy daily prints spread the story of his failure to meet his engagements to a gaping mob. The *London Gazette* is the sole depository of the awful secret, if we except "Stubb's," "Perry's," and other kindred organs of such vile organizations as trade protection societies. The daily papers at first published composition-deeds, but they soon gave up the task as one too Herculean for their limited space. If there is one thing that an officer and a gentleman dislikes more than another it is publicity in a newspaper. If the noble fellow dines with a friend, and afterwards seeks to banish dull care by dissipating in the congenial atmosphere of the Haymarket, where by some mischance he fails foul of the police, and is provided with a night's lodging by the kindness of the constabulary, he invariably covers his individuality by the pseudonym of Brown, Jones, or perhaps Robinson. If his creditors are as hostile as they are numerous, he has recourse to a facile attorney, who is a brilliant light to the rolls his name adorns, and fictitious debts are manufactured with a facility which reflects infinite credit upon the versatile genius of the gentlemen belonging to that class for a member of which Lord Eldon, when asked for a shilling to bury one, gladly gave a sovereign to bury twenty. When the majority in number is achieved by the introduction into the deed of Dick, Tom and Harry, the next difficulty is the amount. The figures set off against each name require a little delicate manipulation; a one must be altered into a three, a five into a nine, and a few superfluous noughts may be gently thrown in with advantage. The amount of the composition need give little trouble. The facile solicitor will probably recommend a shilling in the pound, payable in six months, or say three-pence in six, another three-pence in twelve, a further payment of another fourth of a shilling in eighteen, and the remainder in two years. It will be perceived that this is a highly advantageous arrangement for the vindictive and importunate creditor. Had he gone through the Court he would have got nothing. Now he gets one shilling in the pound in two years, which shows him to be a judicious investor, and to know how to obtain extravagant interest on his capital. Such a mode of employing money, though not quite so remunerative as he could wish, is yet preferable to locking up bullion in foreign stocks, or risking it permanently in bubble companies and questionable financial operations. Suppose the amount he is scheduled for be "two centuries and a half," or the "quarter of a thou," which, in plain English, means two hundred and fifty pounds, at the end of the year he will obtain five per cent., or fifteen pounds in all. We must here make one reservation, the compounding debtor may still be pursued by an inexorable fate. It may be out of his power to pay the composition. Very frequently debtors are unable to do so. They are to be pitied. Their generosity carried them away. They plunged into an excess far beyond their means. It is clear to an unprejudiced observer, that they should never have offered more than two-pence in the pound.

The Bankruptcy Court is no respecter of persons; law, the church, physic, literature are all well and amply represented in its copious annals. The whitewashing process, which usually follows a residence in Hick's Hotel, is dealt out with an impartial hand. The great divines and the legal luminary are treated in precisely the same way as the man of pills and potions, or that snapper-up of unconsidered trifles who nibbles at the skirts of literature. Formerly Portugal-street used to draw the broad distinction between a gentleman and a trader. Now all is levelled. The barrier is broken down. The impecunious peer rubs elbows with the insolvent potboiler. There was, in years gone by, an ingenious individual who fancied he could pass through the court more easily as a trader than as a gentleman. Accordingly, he sold a few boxes of wooden matches to his companions in misfortune, and called himself a timber merchant. The need for such devices has vanished—all are tarred with the same brush, though it must be confessed that some get rather more tar than others. If Hogarth could stand at the corner of Quality-court, brush and palette in hand, and watch the people who pass in and out, he might gain a few ideas for a "Bankrupt's Progress." Nine times out of ten Quality-court is like a deceptive harbour of refuge. The storm is avoided for a time, but the tempest will surely return with greater violence than before. Like a bird in a net, the insolvent struggles finally to extricate

himself, but the fowler is at hand, and he must have his neck wrung sooner or later. Composition-deeds must be carefully drawn up, or they are liable to numerous objections. The commissioners look with suspicion upon these deeds, and when they are very faulty, the sheriff has been known to take an indemnity, and arrest the debtor in spite of his protection; but this extreme course is rare. An alteration in the law is spoken of during the present session, and probably composition-deeds may be a thing of the past, just as much as the Queen's Bench or Slowman's Sponging-house in Cursitor-street, which has disappeared before the rage for City improvements and palatial offices. In the meantime, my Lord Tom Noddy drives his four in hand, keeps up that small but costly establishment in St. John's Wood, borrows money from Moses and Aaron at seventy-five per cent., and goes to the devil in that conventional headlong manner which has been fashionable ever since money was invented and young men were endowed with little intelligence and much current coin of the realm. To get into debt is the easiest operation in the world, but to put the drag on when you have once crossed the Rubicon is more than difficult. Probably the registry office in Quality-court was instituted by a wise and paternal legislature as a means whereby juvenile patricians may avoid utter ruin, and in some cases a composition deed may be anything but an unmixed evil. When man is in the hands of the Jews, who, vampire like, are sucking hi-life's blood out of him, it is fair and proper that he should turn the tables upon the Israelitish leeches, and pay their principal with half-a-crown in the pound, the rest of the debt being nothing but the accumulation of illegitimate interest.

MORNINGS WITH THE MAGISTRATES.

WILLIAM BURTON, a porter, was charged with stealing a turban, worth £10, from the carriage of Mr. Sorabjee Darashaw Captain, a Parsee merchant, residing at Holland-villas, Kensington. The prosecutor said the turban had been sent him from India, and was in his carriage in Oxford-street at the time it was stolen. The prisoner, who denied the charge, was committed for trial.

CHARLES LEE was committed for trial, on a remanded charge of stealing eight letters from the letter-box of the district post-office, Essex-road, Islington.

LOUIS LOUBLAIN, carrying on business as a licensed pawnbroker in Kirby-street, Finsbury, appeared before Mr. Paget, to answer five summonses, which charged him with taking goods in pawn from a boy named Rance, apparently under the age of sixteen years. Mr. Richard Ring, solicitor, defended the pawnbroker. Each summons was taken out by Mrs. Sarah Rance, whose husband is a carpenter and joiner. Their boy, who is under sixteen years of age and apparently not more than fourteen, had been plundering his parents, and had on five different occasions pawned a saw, a plane, a chisel, an iron, and another chisel, at the defendant's shop, and the boy, who was the principal witness against the defendant, said no questions were asked when he pawned the articles. Mrs. Loshiana was in the shop on each occasion. The duplicates relating to the articles were found under the boy's pillow. Mrs. Rance waited on the pawnbroker's wife, and expostulated with her on receiving goods in pawn from one so young as her son, and Mrs. Loshiana said she could lawfully take in pledges of a boy over twelve years of age. The defendant's warehouse boy swore that the complainant's son was invariably asked by his mistress if he was over sixteen, and he always answered that he was. Mr. Ring argued that a boy not tainted with crime was more likely to speak the truth than the thief. Mr. Paget considered the case was fully made out, and fined the defendant £10, or 10s. on each summons, and 10s. costs, making in all 10 guineas.

THOMAS GLOVER, a hawker, was charged on remand with attempting to murder Henry Woodright, by cutting his throat in Newgate-street, Borough. Upon the evidence already taken and reported, the prisoner was committed for trial.

MARY WALKER, who a few days ago was charged with robbing her master, Mr. Brown, the landlord of the Royal Mortar, in the London-road, where she had been employed three months as barmaid, was again brought before Mr. Woolrych on another charge. When first charged she was in male attire, but now she was dressed in a female convict's suit, provided by the authorities of the gaol, where her sex was discovered. Owing to a description given of her in the newspaper, it was found that she had absconded from a situation she held two years ago, embezzling upwards of £50. Mr. Charles Edwards, manager to his father, a cheesemonger, Marchmont-street, Bloomsbury, said that the prisoner entered their service in September, 1864, as errand boy, and, owing to her good conduct, was promoted to the situation of porter. She was in male attire, and was never suspected of being a female. It was her duty as porter to take out goods to the customer, receive money, enter the same in a book kept by her, and pay over to her on her return. On the 1st of September last she absconded, and shortly afterwards he ascertained that she had received about £50 from different customers and not accounted for them. Walker stated that he had only brought three cases, concealing them to be sufficient for the ends of justice. Police-constable Wight deposed that he took the prisoner into custody dressed as a man. He found in her possession several love letters which had been sent her by girls, and of which one is addressed:—"Dearest Thomas—Many thanks for the eggs. I hope I am not depriving you of them. I long to see you, dearest, but cannot just at present, as I have had to put away my mantle, for we are much pushed at present. I send you many kisses. Would I could give them to you myself. Mother made me laugh about that little boy getting tight; but never mind, dearest, you never get in that way. Are you coming to mother's on Sunday? If so, try and come sooner; for when we are with those we love the time passes away so quickly that I long to have a long conversation with you. With kind love, dearest, and many kisses, from your ever affectionate, ROSINA. P.S.—Take care of yourself for my sake, dearest Thomas. I send you a flower; keep it for my sake." The constable added that this girl visited the prisoner in gaol, and told the governor that she was about to be married to her. The prisoner who remained silent during the whole of the proceedings, was then fully committed for trial.

ALBERT JONES, a respectable looking man, described as a merchant's clerk, of Charlton, Kent, was charged before Mr. D'Eyncourt with assaulting Mr. William Fish, the manager of the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square. Mr. Fish said: About a quarter before four this morning the defendant came to the Hanover-square Rooms in a state of intoxication, and wanted to be admitted to the ball-room, where a ball was going on at the time. The defendant was requested to leave, but instead of doing so rushed past the stewards, and got into the ball-room, from which place he was

obliged to be removed by force. The defendant then went into the drawing room and remained there a few minutes, and then rushed towards the ball-room again, although he had been told he could not be admitted, having no ticket for the ball, and being drunk. The defendant then struck at me, called me gross names, and kicked me on the thigh, and, but for the fact that I staggered back, I believe I should have been seriously hurt. Mr. D'Eyncourt: Was the defendant dressed for a ball? Mr. Fish: No, sir. Defendant: Did I kick you? Mr. Fish: Yes. Defendant: No, I did not. I tried to do so, but I did not succeed. Was I not dressed for a ball? Mr. Fish: No, you had a great coat on and an umbrella in your hand. Defendant: I am very sorry for what occurred. I was drunk. I had a ticket for the ball. Mr. D'Eyncourt: You are described as a clerk; what clerk are you? Defendant: A merchant's clerk. Mr. D'Eyncourt: You will have to pay £5 or be imprisoned for twenty-one days.

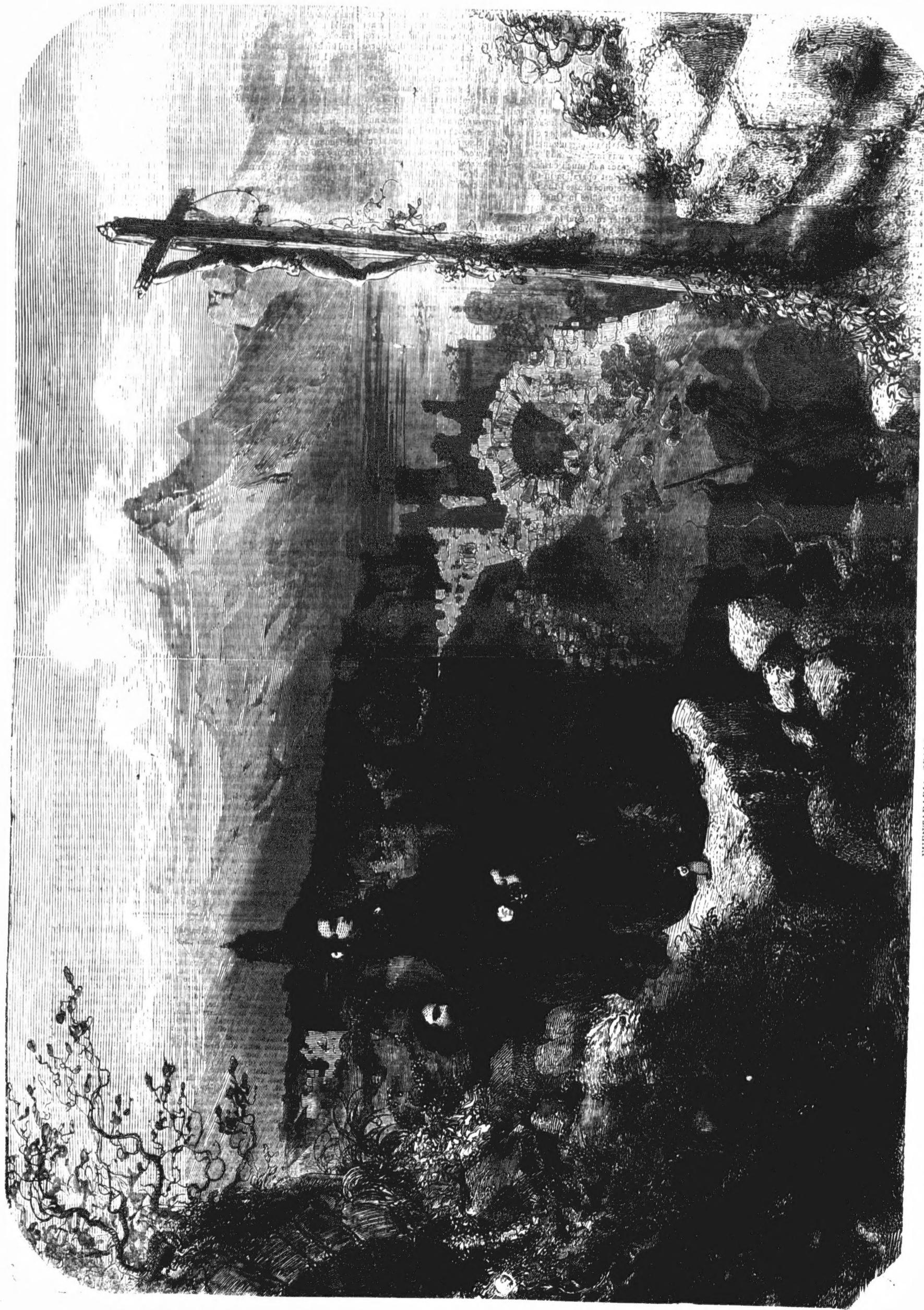
THE JAMAICA OUTBREAK.—Sir Thomas Henry, the chief magistrate, again sat at Bow-street Police-court on Saturday morning, specially to hear the further proceedings in the prosecution of Colonel Nelson and Lieutenant Brand, for the murder of George William Gordon, at Morant Bay, Jamaica, in 1865. Mr. Fitz-James Stephen and Mr. J. Horne Payne, instructed by Messrs. Shaen and Roscoe, prosecuted; Mr. Hannan and Mr. Poland, instructed by Mr. Clode, solicitor to the War Office, appeared for Colonel Nelson; and Mr. Bristow, solicitor to the Admiralty, for Lieutenant Brand. The prisoners were again accommodated with seats at the attorney's table. Mr. Philippe, and Mr. Barnett, the short-hand writer, were recalled and examined at length. Mr. Hannan, in a most able speech, urged that, from the evidence before the court, his client and the gentlemen coupled with him on the charge of murder ought to be discharged. The learned counsel, after a lengthy address, finally contended that if any offence was committed it was covered by the Act of Indemnity, and this view he supported with a most elaborate argument. Mr. Bristow's line of defence upon the behalf of his client, Lieutenant Brand, was based on the fact that the latter was acting under superior orders, leaving him no option, and relieving him of all responsibility. Mr. Stephen replied, and Sir Thomas Henry said that the very elaborate arguments used before him, left no doubt that there were doubtful and difficult questions of law, and disputed questions of fact, which it was not the province of a magistrate to determine. His duty was simply to put them in train for further inquiry. As the next session would commence on Monday, it would be clearly premature to send the case to that session, and he should therefore bind the defendants over in the same bail as before to appear at the sessions commencing on the 8th of April. He purposely abstained from making any comments on the case.

EMILY CHAPMAN and EMELIA COLLINS, two unfortunates, were charged with assaulting Mr. Francis Tress, accountant, of No. 89, St. Mark's-crescent, Notting-hill; and Collins was further charged with assaulting Mrs. Esther Bates, aunt to Mr. Tress, and residing at No. 19, Porter's-road, Paddington. Mr. Tress was, with his aunt and sister, standing at the corner of Tottenham-court-road, waiting for an omnibus, when, without the slightest provocation, the prisoners pushed the two ladies in a violent manner, and Collins struck Mrs. Bates in the eye. Mr. Tress defended his aunt and sister as well as he was able from the violence of the prisoners, and in doing so was struck and kicked by them, they all the while making use of very bad language, and threatening the ladies with more violence. The prisoners were afterwards taken to the station by Eldridge, 39 E, who, in answer to the magistrate, said the prisoners had been drinking, and that Chapman was the worst of the two. Mr. D'Eyncourt committed Chapman for two months, and Collins for one month, with hard labour.

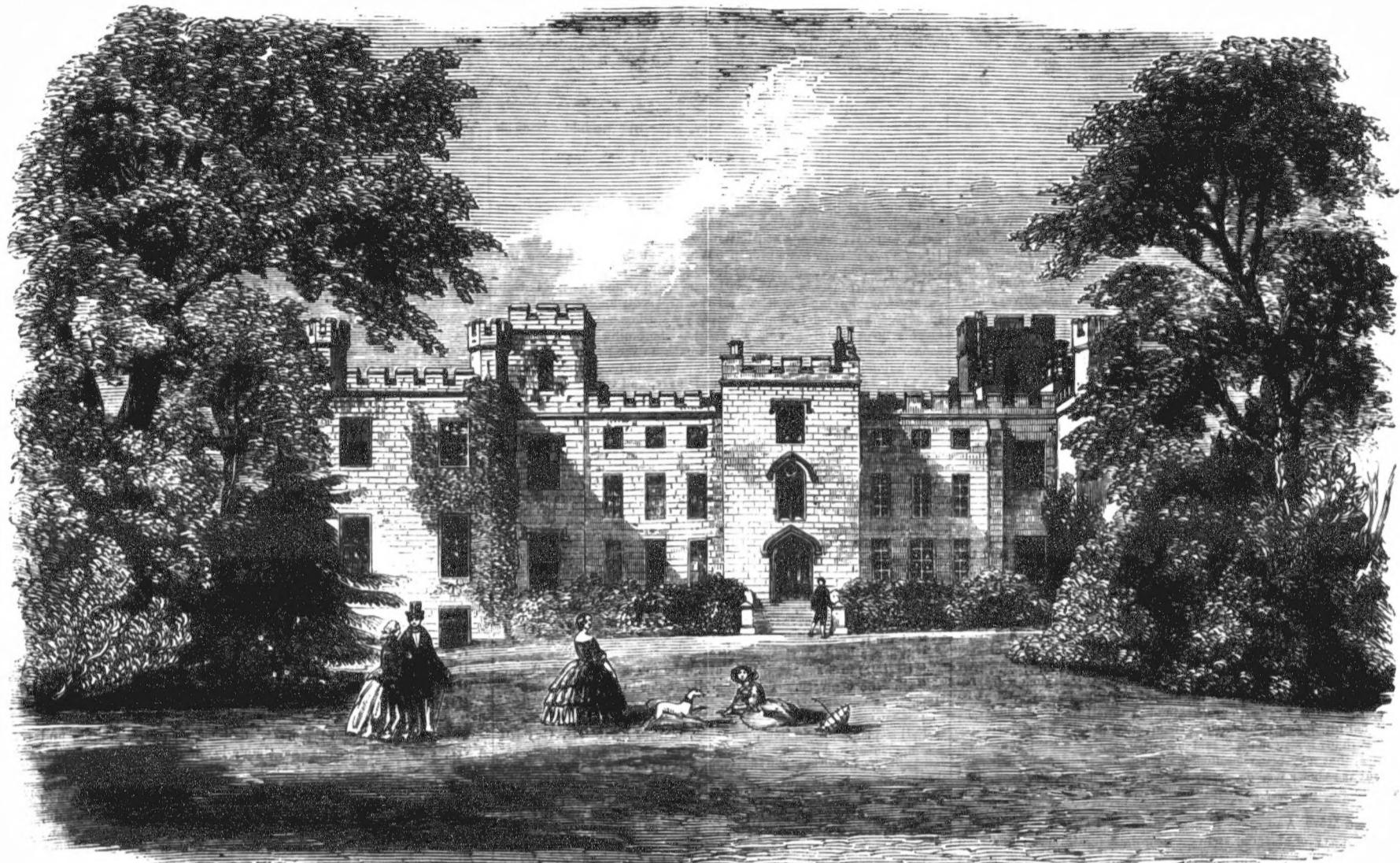
A RUG, rough, surly-looking fellow, who gave the name of George Brown, was charged with disorderly conduct, and assaulting Leder, one of the beadle, at St. Pancras Workhouse. On Fridays a large number of aged persons attend at the relief offices to get their weekly allowance, and the prisoner, who is known as the "tutor of St. Pancras Workhouse," along with others of his class, stood there and annoy them, and complaints have been made to the overseers of the aged being robbed. Yesterday the prisoner was there making a disturbance, and when asked to go out he refused. He had no business there, as he had got an order for the same yard, but he said he would not go there, as he did not care for work. Leder asked the prisoner to leave, but he would not do so, and he then proceeded to eject him. The prisoner made use of foul language, and then struck him a violent blow in the chest, and nearly knocked him down. The prisoner then tried to get away, but was prevented by Police-constable Farrington, 116 Y, who with some difficulty got him to the police-station. The prisoner said that he was assaulted by the beadle, and then he did hit him, but it was in self-defence. He would not take a blow from anybody. Mr. Barker ordered the prisoner to pay a fine of 40s., or in default of payment one month's hard labour in the House of Correction. The prisoner said he could sleep that lot away.

The marble bust of the celebrated Pasta at Como is nearly finished for erection in the Casino there.

HEMPESTED no one will doubt the valuable properties of Du Barry's health-restoring Revalente Arabica Invalids' and Infants' Food, since to the blessings it has received from Invalids whose position was deemed hopeless we may now add that of his Holiness the Pope, whose health has been perfectly restored by it after years of unsuccessful medical treatment. We quote from the *Gazette de Medis*:—"Rome, July 21, 1866.—The health of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Dr. Barry's Revalente Arabica Food, of which he consumes a plateful at every meal. It has produced a surprisingly beneficial effect on his health, and his Holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly." This delicious Food restores good appetite, perfect digestion, strong nerves, sound lungs and liver, refreshing sleep, functional regularity and energy, to the most disordered or enfeebled, curing speedy and effectively indigestion (dyspepsia), habitual constipation, diarrhoea, haemorrhoids, liver complaints, flatulency, nervousness, biliousness, all kinds of fevers, sore throats, catarrhs, colds, influenza, noises in the head and ears, rheumatism, gout, impurities of the blood, eruptions, hysteria, neuralgia, irritability, sleeplessness, low spirits, despondency, spleen, acidity, palpitation of the heart, heartburn, headache, debility, dropsy, cramps, spasms, nausea and vomiting even in pregnancy, sinking fits, cough, asthma, bronchitis, consumption, scrofula, tightness of the chest, pains at the pit of the stomach, between the shoulders, &c., atrophy, or wasting away of the body in old and young, saving fifty times its cost in other remedies. We extract a few more out of more than 68,000 cures:—The Marchioness de Brehan, of seven years' liver complaint, wasting away, debility, nervousness, with a nervous palpitation, bad digestion, sleeplessness, and nervous agitation. Cure No. 1,771: Lord Stuart de Decies, Lord Lieutenant of Waterford, of many years' dyspepsia. Cure No. 49,832: "Fifty years' indescribable agony from dyspepsia, nervousness, asthma, cough, constipation, flatulency, spasms, sickness and vomiting.—Maria Joly." Cure No. 46,270: Mr. James Roberts, of Frimley, Surrey, of 30 years diseased lungs, spitting of blood, liver derangement, and partial deafness. Cure No. 54,816: The Rev. James T. Campbell, Fakenham, Norfolk, of "indigestion and torpidity of the liver, which had resisted all medical treatment." In this at 1s. 4d.; 1lb. 2s. 9d.; 2lbs. 4s. 6d.; 3lbs. 11s.; 12lbs. 22s.; 24lbs. 40s.—BARRY DR BARRY and Co., No. 77, Regent-street, London; and all Grocers and Chemists.—Important Caution.—Beware of the many unscrupulous and more or less slovenly imitations to which, without authority, Baron Liebig's name is most audaciously attached.



FUENTARABIA, SPAIN.—AFTER A PICTURE BY GUSTAVE DORÉ. (See page 1.)



MULGRAVE CASTLE, NEAR WHITBY, YORKSHIRE. (See Page 53.)

Dead Acre: A CHAIN OF EVIDENCE.

BY
CHARLES H. ROSS.

Part the First.
PRIVATE INQUIRIES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PARLOURS.

Not twenty years ago there lay dreary swamps where now stand rows of noble buildings, in what is called Westburnia. Not thirty years ago the name for the Queen's-road was Black Lion-lane, and was, for the most part, composed of mean shops and small houses, of a poor class—shabby-genteel at best.

Perhaps one of the gentlelest; at any rate, not one of the shabbiest, was No. 10, the house of a lone widow lady, who had lodgings, which she let when she could, and which, at all times, she advertised by means of neatly-printed cards hanging in a window on every floor of the house, so that a passer-by, throwing a casual glance upon any part of the premises, was pretty nearly sure to have a card within his range of vision, and might, by the sight of it, for what you or I or Mrs. Watkin could say to the contrary, be thereby induced to step in and ask the terms, be struck with astonishment by their extreme moderation, and, straightway fetching his effects, take up his quarters there for the remainder of his natural life.

I said, for what you or I or Mrs. Watkin could say to the contrary, such a thing might have happened any day. Up to the period of this history, however, it had not happened, and the odds were, unhappily, very much against it. Upon the occasions on which Mrs. Watkin had let her rooms there had not unfrequently been much unseemly haggling about odd shillings, but as the proposing tenant showed signs of taking his departure, Mrs. Watkin always gave way with a sigh, and, as she did so, envied the luck of other lodger-letters down the lane, who had nothing in the world to do but ask a price and get it.

When Mrs. Watkin's lodgers went, which they very often did under the veil of night, and in even the open day, without any previous settlement, but with their effects artfully stowed away about their persons, the lodgings generally remained vacant for many weeks, and, seemingly, if instead of a bill upon every floor there had been a bill in every pane of every window, the passers-by would still have passed by with their eyes persistently fixed in an opposite direction.

At the latter end of the month of March, in 1840, Mrs. Watkin had but one lodger, said to be a medical gentleman, but very certainly not in active practice, whose chief occupation throughout the live-long day was to stare out of the window of the parlour which he occupied, and to grind his teeth and swear.

It was by no means a cheerful apartment this which Mrs. Watkin's lodger occupied, although, in describing it herself, the good lady was wont to call it light and airy. As to light it was possible, with a good eye-sight, to have read the type this story is printed in, at almost any part of it, at noon. As to air, the least said the better.

The furniture which Mrs. Watkin had chosen for her room was of the hard and durable and bolt-upright style, such as ladies, when left to themselves, select for the fitting-up of their male relations' smoking-rooms. Backing this was a wall-paper of savage ugliness, on which gigantic brown sprigs struggled helplessly in the embraces of a huge green creeper. On the floor a precise patterned carpet, crookedly-joined, and cut off everywhere in a maddening way where it reached the four walls. By way of enrichment please to throw in a sampler, worked twenty-eight years before by Mrs. Watkin, then a spinster, and Carnaby by name. Also two Baptist ministers in maple-wood frames, very wooden about the necktie and coat collar, and undecided in the facial outline—and there you have the picture complete.

The prospect without was not particularly lively either. A very small parallelogram of hard and flinty soil, which Mrs. Watkin called her garden, discouraged the growth of something very hardy in the shape of twigs, forming the centre of what would have been a flower-bed, had there been any flowers, and which was divided with much taste from a walk made round it—too narrow to walk in, though—by a neat bordering of oyster-shells. Beyond this, on the other side of a row of rusty railings, lay the lane, a very straggling and unpicturesque sort of thoroughfare for anybody to stare out at, many hours at a stretch, many days running.

Yet at it a medical gentleman, without any particular practice, and whose name was Gay, was in the habit of staring, as has been said, for very long periods, off and on, varying that employment only by grinding his teeth and swearing, or by turning round and looking at the room with its hideous wall-paper and exasperatingly patched carpet; its hard, upright furniture, its Baptist ministers, and its sampler—course of proceeding, however, which only resulted in increased swearing and double the amount of grinding of teeth.

It would have seemed, to judge from the gloomy expression which Mr. Gay's countenance habitually wore, that his prospects in life, beyond the rusty iron railings, and away from Black-lion-lane, were of the dreariest; but it must have been specially exasperating to anyone suffering from misfortune to be attended with such surroundings. And so Mr. Gay found it, for deep and fervent were the maledictions he heaped upon the ugliness of Mrs. Watkin's goods, and many a time and oft did he shake his fist in the innocent faces of the unconscious ministers who smiled back at him weakly, a little out of drawing.

But why did he thus waste his life, this medical gentleman, without a practice? Why was he not up and doing? Why was he not looking after a practice wherever practices are most to be found? And if he did not care for much exercise because, perhaps, to find a practice may take a good deal of good hard walking, why did he not buy a brass plate and red lamp, and stand behind them, and wait till somebody called for his assistance, which might happen some day in the course of time?

There were two reasons why he did not do so. One was, that brass plates and red lamps cost money, and Mr. Gay had no money to spare. The other was that Mr. Gay was not waiting for patients, but for something which he expected would come by the post, and so he went on waiting, grinding his teeth and cursing his luck whilst so employed.

Waiting and waiting, he had worn away six weeks and more before the day on which this story opened, and he was waiting still a week afterwards, and what he expected had not yet arrived.

Mrs. Watkin, like sister Ann, looking out afar, sat at an upper window, and watched the passers-by, who always passed, and

whose eyes were ever in the wrong direction. Mr. Gay, in the parlour, stared out across the parallelogram and between the railings into the lane. You might have seen them thus employed almost any day you had thought fit to go Black-lion-lane-wards, and the dwellers at the houses opposite said it was a pity they had neither of them anything better to do. Indeed, a milliner in a very small way, who lived just over the way, still pretty, but past her giddy youth, said that it was a great shame the gentleman had not; and for a time dressed at him, and trimmed bonnets at him in the window opposite, but finding that he took no manner of notice of these little artifices, pronounced him a rude, staring fellow, and said, with some amount of vagueness, pardonable on account of outraged maidenly decorum, that it ought to be put a stop to.

There were, however, days now and then when Mr. Gay did not keep his weary watches, and one of these was a day in March, when, having risen late, as was his wont, he took a walk into town and made several calls. The persons upon whom he called, and all of whose addresses, curiously enough, he looked for first in the directory, lived mostly in the city, and were, for the greater part, children of Israel. At their houses or offices he in some cases waited a long while, occasionally without being able to see the person he wanted; in all cases he had to wait, and, leaving each place in turn, he went away with anything but a hopeful look upon his face.

At this employment he passed the day, and hardly seemed to notice how the time was going, until, calling at the last office, he found it closed for the night, when he looked at his watch, and sighed, and turned his face homewards.

Arrived at No. 10, he inquired whether there was any letter for him, was told there was not, swore beneath his breath, and ordered dinner.

Mrs. Watkin's culinary efforts were not productive of very savoury results. Mr. Gay ate as much as hunger obliged him to consume, then drew his chair to the fire, savagely smashed the lumps of coal, and lit his pipe. Half an hour later he asked for hot water, and finding his stock of spirits exhausted, sent out for a bottle of gin, for which he gave the money from a very scantily stocked purse.

It was the habit of Mrs. Watkin and her maid to retire very early to bed, for new lodgers were not likely to come after dark, and the one they had required but little waiting on during the evening. At half-past nine, therefore, Mary Ann brought him the kettle that he might boil what water he wanted for his grog, and asked, as a matter of form, whether he wanted anything more.

But he made no reply. He was sitting before the fire, with one foot on each hob, burning his boots, as Mary Ann described it. His pipe was in his mouth. His hands were plunged deep into his trouser pockets. His head thrust forward, his shoulders shrugged up, and there was a black frown upon his dark face.

"Is there anything I can get for you, sir?"

She asked him twice, but he made no reply, and seemed not to hear her words, and at last she drew timidly back, and closed the door, and beat hasty retreat up-stairs.

"I think, mum," she said to Mrs. Watkin, "the gentleman in the parlours gets stranger and stranger."

Knowing little, and caring less, what they might think of him, Mr. Gay sat thus, with his pipe and grog, far into the night: a very silent and surly-looking reveller, upon whose handsome, treacherous face the fire-light threw a flickering shadow, as he stared down into it, building castles, may be, in its smouldering embers.

When his pipe was empty, he silently refilled and lighted it.

When he had gulped down the contents of his tumbler, he poured more spirits into it from the fast-emptying bottle by his side, but he never spoke, nor did he ever break the silence by the usual cursing and teeth-grinding, in which his feelings ordinarily found vent. There surely never was a more dreary debauch, but he seemed determined to go on with it, and again and again filled high his glass, and as often emptied it in three or four great gulps.

What was he thinking about? If his thoughts had formed themselves into words, this is very much like the shape they would have taken:—

"Here am I," he would have said, "as clever a fellow as ever lived, and as handsome a fellow as you need wish to meet with, but, for all that, the most unlucky wretch upon the face of the earth.

"Wherever I look I see people without a hundredth part of my talents getting on in the world, while I am poor. I see absolute fools—down-right unmitigated fools—making their fortune, while I am nearly starving. And whose fault is that?—Clearly not mine. I have never acted like a fool—I have always played my cards well and with judgment, but the luck has been always dead against me.

"Because I happen to have wasted a thousand or two pounds which came to me on my mother's death, that need not be for ever thrown in my teeth. I suppose I am not the first man who has wasted money. There are lots of fools, too, who have wasted money, and they had more money given to them. Besides, I had my money's worth, and I do not regret spending it as I did. All I want is an odd hundred or two more.

"It is true that I have done some things I should not like the world to know about, but who has not? I have done nothing that there is any chance of being found out, and that is all I care about the matter. But bury the past: it is the future I am anxious about. Where am I to get some money?—I want some money—I must have some money—and I will."

He sat until a very late hour before the fire, in various thoughtful attitudes. The Palmer's lamp went out at last, unheeded, and the fire nearly followed, before he thought of meading it.

At length he rose unsteadily to his feet, and, resting his head upon his hand, stared at a very ugly reflection of himself which he saw looking savage and sudden out of the chimney-glass.

"I must have money," he said, aloud; "I must have it from somewhere, if I cut a throat for it; and curse me if I should care as long as there was no one by to see."

The sullen sudden face he was contemplating took such a satanic aspect as he spoke, that, half frightened, he turned away, and as he did so the coals began to crackle, and a small fragment flew out, and fell hissing on the hearth. He stooped to pick it up.

"Perhaps it's an omen," said he, with a grim smile; "a curse, I hope, that may bring me luck—and not before it's needed."

But the cinder was not curse-shaped, as he hoped, but long, like a coffin.

When Mary Ann came in next morning to straighten up, she uttered a cry of alarm at seeing a long dark figure sprawling upon the sofa, with a ghastly, white face, over which a mass of black, matted hair hung down, half hiding the closed eyes.

She thought at first that she saw there the strange lodger lying dead, and, dropping her dust-brush and dust-pan, screamed, which scream arousing Mr. Gay, he sat up, and cursed her.

"Oh, sir," she said; "Oh, lor, how you do frighten one."

"What are you frightened at?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing, sir. On seeing you lying like that—"

"Well."

"I thought, to see you lying that way—anyhow, I'm glad you ain't."

"It's more than I am, I daresay. What time is it?"

"It's ever so late, sir. Later than I usually am, much; and you've not been to bed, have you?"

"No."

"Are you ready for breakfast?"

"I've a mind to go to bed now, but there's no good in that. Make me some strong tea, and get me some brandy, and be quick."

Leaving the girl to finish her tidying of the room, Mr. Gay retired for a while to the bed-room adjoining, and tried to freshen himself up a little by plunging his head into cold water; then, after a very hasty toilet, returned to the parlor.

Mary Ann had already lighted the fire, and was gone in to prepare what he had ordered; so he sat down, resting his aching head on his hand, and waited with what patience he could muster.

"She's long enough at any time," he presently growled, "but this time she must have fallen down dead on the road."

With a curse, then, he rang the bell, and, having waited a long time without receiving any answer, rang again, with another curse, louder than before.

"You're deaf to-day," he said, when Mary Ann at last appeared.

"How much longer are you going to be?"

"What did you please to want, sir?"

"What the devil should I want?" asked Mr. Gay, indignantly, "unless it is my breakfast. Is it ready?"

"In a minute, sir."

"Where's the brandy?"

"I'm going for it now."

"Haven't you got it yet? It's half an hour since I told you."

"I beg your pardon, sir. I was upstairs with missus and the new gentleman."

"New what?" asked Gay, with a scowl.

"The new lodger, sir, in the drawing-rooms."

"Why, when did he come?"

"Only this minute, and took the rooms right off, and paid in advance—all while you've been dressing."

"Well, I don't care what he has done. Get me my breakfast."

Left alone again, the doctor, nursing his aching head, said to himself:—

"What an idiot I was to drink so much last night. But I had been so humbugged. It is enough to drive any man to drink. I wonder I am ever sober."

Then, thinking over what the girl had said, he began to wonder how it was he had not heard the new lodger knock, and accounted for the circumstance, upon reflection, by supposing that at the moment he must have been slashing the water over his head.

"She's had her rooms empty long enough," thought he, with a grin; "and so the first payment in advance is satisfactory, as far as it goes. The only question is, will he ever pay any more? It's more than I can tell whether or not I shall do so myself."

Amused by this reflection, he was in a better temper when Mary Ann came in again, and, seeing very plainly by that young person's demeanour that she was dying to be questioned, said:—

"How's the lodger getting on? Has he gone away again?"

"Not much fear of that, sir," replied the girl, with a smile. "He's taken such a liking to the place I think it's quite likely he may stay here ever so long."

"Did he come in a cab?"
"No, sir, on foot."
"Carpet-bag, I suppose?"
"He hadn't got his luggage with him, sir, because it is at the railway, and he's going to send for it."
Mr. Gay smiled, and stirred his tea.
"Is he a foreigner?" he asked.
"Oh, no, sir. He's most respectable."
"From the country, perhaps?"
"From somewhere in the country, sir. But he told missus all about it."

"No doubt. He didn't give any reference, I suppose?"
"I don't know, sir, but I dare say he did."
When she was gone Mr. Gay laughed.
"I dare say he didn't, though," said he. "I don't think it is at all likely. I am very much mistaken if my friend and fellow lodger is not a bad lot; but apparently he has created a good impression. It's always so with some people. Why do I always create a bad one? Because I've such cursed luck, that's why."

This unfortunate medical gentleman, with whom the fates dealt so unfairly, having swallowed all the breakfast he was capable of, lit a pipe, and tried to amuse himself by staring out of the window in his usual style. This occupation becoming irksome, even sooner than it generally did, he came back to the fire-side, and the news-boy having brought the paper, he tried to read, but succumbing to his head-ache, presently shut his eyes, and tried to dose.

He might have passed an hour or so in this fashion, when there came a knock at the door, and he started up.

"Who's there?"
It was the servant girl.
"What now?" he asked, impatiently. "What do you want?"
"I beg pardon, sir. I did not know you were asleep."
"I'm not asleep. What is it?"
"If you please, sir, it's the gentleman upstairs."
"Curse the gentleman upstairs. What next?"
"He wants to see you."
"See me?"
"Yes, sir."
"He asked what you was, and I told him you was a doctor, and he said he was ill, and would like to see you."
"When?"
"When it's convenient to you, sir."
"Where?"
"Upstairs in his room, if it wouldn't be too much trouble."
"On the contrary. Tell him I'll come up in ten minutes' time."

Fall a quarter of an hour, however, elapsed before Mr. Gay left his apartment. Full ten minutes after the girl was gone he sat motionless where she had left him, his eyes fixed on the fire, the addrest of all thoughts passing through his muddled brain.

What was the meaning of that coffin-shaped cinder, he was asking himself, which over-night had flown out of the fire and fallen at his feet? What was the meaning of this strange summons from the unknown lodger?

Who could say? This might be some eccentric man—very rich—alone in London—without friends—whose very address was a secret to every one but the inmates of the house in which in such an extraordinarily sudden way he had chosen to take up his abode. And if all this was the case, what did it signify? What benefit could Mr. Gay derive from his illness—from his life—from his death?

He caught the devil again looking out at him from the chimney-glass, and turned away with a half-repressed shudder.

"How internally my head aches," he said, with an impatient oath; and went again into the bedroom to dip his burning face into cold water.

Then, feeling more steady and collected, he arranged his dress, and slowly ascended the stairs.

Upon the door-mat outside the drawing-room door he paused, and remained a moment motionless before he knocked, then tapped softly with his knuckles, and listened for a summons to enter.

For almost a minute, however, he had thus to wait before there was an answer, and in that interval, his heart beat fast, he knew not why, and a strange dread of he knew not what, took possession of him.

"Come in."

At last there was a reply, and he turned the handle, and, entering a room that the drawn-down blinds and half-closed curtains had thrown into a semi-obscure, in which it was at first very difficult to distinguish surrounding objects, found himself confronting the new lodger.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE GENTLEMAN IN THE DRAWING-ROOMS.

THE medical certificate of which John Jeffcoat took a rough copy upon the day succeeding that whereon he had paid a visit to Mr. Everard Hurst, ran thus:—

"I hereby certify that I attended Mr. Jabez Acre, aged forty-six last birthday, that I last saw him on Tuesday, the 10th March, 1840, that he died on the same day at No. —, Norfolk Street, Strand, and that the cause of his death was hypertrophy of the heart. Duration of disease, several years."

"Signed, EDWARD GAY.
Prof. Title, F.R.C.S.
Address, 10, Black-lion-lane, Bayswater."

Armed with this document, Jeffcoat started for the doctor's residence, with the intention of calling to consult him about some imaginary complaint, but the discovery that there was no doorman on the door of the house where Mr. Gay resided, brought him to a sudden stand-still.

Under these circumstances, how could he present himself? How could he account for having obtained his name and address? Who could he say had recommended him? Indeed, it suddenly occurred to Jeffcoat that this Mr. Gay might only be stopping at the house upon a short visit.

He might, indeed, not be a doctor at all, in which case, if Jeffcoat went to ask his medical advice, it would, of course, in a moment arouse his suspicions, and if he had assumed the calling of doctor only upon this occasion, and for the sole purpose of signing this certificate, he would know at once that it was to the certificate in question that Jeffcoat's visit was owing.

Whilst loitering in the neighbourhood of the house, undecided what course to pursue, the very man of whom he was in quest came forth, and he followed in his wake upon the excursion which, as has been already described, Mr. Gay took into the city.

At the first glance Jeffcoat felt certain that the person he was

following was the man of whom he was in search—a tall dark, handsome man, as Solomon Acre had described him, with black curly hair and heavy eye-brows. Knowing, therefore, that, while he was out it was of no use to call at the house in the hope of finding him, and thinking it probable that, by dogging his footsteps patiently, some clue might be obtained to his habits and pursuits, and, perhaps, some fresh scrap of evidence collected, Jeffcoat resolved to follow cautiously in the doctor's wake.

The result was as Jeffcoat had hoped; throughout the day he followed upon the doctor's heels, watched him into office after office, and waited for him in the street without, to follow and watch again; then, when night came on, followed him home.

The experience of the day's work proved one thing clearly to Jack Jeffcoat's mind. The doctor was trying to raise money.

From this fact, which he decided the doctor's actions had fully established, he argued two things: that Gay was in desperate circumstances, and that, therefore, he might have been tempted to commit a desperate act to obtain money or free himself from pressing claims.

By his thus visiting the Jews it would seem as though he had not received any money for his recent services. How was that to be accounted for? In all probability at the time that he wrote the certificate, the document which had been restored to him, was a source of so much anxiety, that he did not look beyond it, and had deemed its restoration a sufficient price for what he had done.

The question was, would he remain long where he now resided? Perhaps he was endeavouring to raise money before going abroad. At any rate, he was not to be depended upon. If he were a visitor, or even lodger in the house he then lived in, his abode was not likely to be a permanent one, and all this distinctly pointed to one course which Jack Jeffcoat must pursue.

No more time should be lost; but he would endeavour to obtain lodgings in the same house, and, under some pretext or other, make Mr. Gay's acquaintance.

This resolve formed, he made such small alterations in his dress as he thought absolutely necessary to carry out a vague plan of action which he had laid down, and, as early in the morning as he could decently do so, presented himself at Mrs. Watkin's street-door.

"Have you any apartments to let?"

"Yes, sir. Will you please to walk in?"

"When can I take possession of them?"

"As soon as you please, sir?"

"If they will suit me I want them now at once, and will pay the first week in advance."

This dialogue opened the negotiation between Mrs. Watkin and a very clean-shaven, somewhat simple-looking, country-bred gentleman, who wore spectacles, a high white shirt collar, and a white neckerchief, and who, from the very first moment she clapt eyes on him, the good lady decided was the long-coming man who had come at last, and, having taken her drawing-rooms, would, without doubt, live in them the remainder of his days—a model lodger—questioning no items in his bill, and, without a murmur, paying double what he ought to do for all he had.

And the first act of the new lodger, upon being shown the drawing-room, was one calculated to strengthen her belief in his really being the treasure she had taken him to be when first he opened his mouth.

Without once looking round, he walked straight to the easy-chair standing by the side of the fireplace, and, seating himself in it, said, decisively:

"It is the very place I have been looking for. How much is it?"

Encouraged by this unusually pleasant style of putting what, to most would-be lodgers, seemed to be a question only to be asked with extreme caution and much circumlocution, Mrs. Watkin off-hand named the full price which she had always declared the rooms to be worth, though an unfortunate difference of opinion on this point upon the part of intending lodgers had hitherto necessitated its abatement. To her unbounded astonishment the new lodger, without a word, produced the money.

Then, laying his hat upon the sofa, he asked if he could have a fire lighted, gave her some more money to buy certain small necessaries immediately required, and began to chat about the weather and the neighbourhood.

She would have liked to have hinted at a reference, but with the week's money lying in the palm of her hand, and the thought of how long the rooms had stood empty, she could not, for the life of her, summon up courage so to do. Without inquiring, however, the new lodger seemed willing to volunteer plenty of information respecting himself.

He was from the country. He had come up to town because he thought he would like the change. He was suffering, too, from an affection of the heart, and wanted good medical advice. He had chosen this locality because it was close to Kensington Gardens, in which he intended every day to go and walk.

By the way, the other lodger, who, if he was not mistaken, Mrs. Watkin had told him as they came upstairs, was in the medical profession, and, though at home most of the day, was very quiet.

Yes, Mrs. Watkin had said so. Almost the first question the new lodger had put had related to the old lodger, and had elicited this information.

"Is he a clever man, now, do you think?" the new lodger asked.

Mrs. Watkin, with some want of candour perhaps excusable upon account of her wish to do her old lodger a good turn if she could, said she believed so.

"Many patients?"

"Well, no, not many here, sir."

"Not in regular practice, perhaps. Only sent for occasionally by old patients."

"Yes, sir, exactly. He was sent for the other night."

"At night, eh? An important case, no doubt. It's curious, ma'am, but probably you have noticed most important cases occur at night, and most people are born or die at unreasonable hours. Now, that was a case of life and death, I daresay."

"I think it was something important, sir, for the old gentleman who fetched him in a cab was all in a shake, it seemed to me, when I went down to open the street-door to him."

"And come a long distance; perhaps from the other end of London."

"I did not hear where he came from, sir; the old gentleman only said 'Drive back.'"

"Ah."

Later on in the day the new lodger told Mary Ann that he almost thought before he went to consult the doctor whose address he had been given by his friends in the country, he would see what the doctor downstairs could do for him.

"When one has a doctor in the very house," he said, "it doesn't seem fair not to give him a trial, does it? And, somehow, it seems almost like an act of Providence that, coming to town to find a doctor, I should have come accidentally to a house where a doctor lives. Yes, certainly, if you will give Mr. Gay my compliments, I should very much like to see him, either up here or downstairs in his apartments."

This message Mary Ann delivered, and in some twenty minutes' time Edward Gay and Jack Jeffcoat were face to face.

With a bow the doctor advanced, saying in a low tone as he did so—

"The servant told me, sir, that you were in need of my advice. I trust that the cause is not serious."

"A smoothly-spoken fellow," thought Jack to himself; "a scoundrel, though, I'll wager my life—"

Then added, aloud— "A little out of sorts. It may be nothing, perhaps, only I am a bit nervous at feeling ill; I have been used to such good health generally. Indeed, I do not look as if I had much the matter with me."

"Appearances are so deceptive. It is rather dark here; may I draw up the blinds?"

"Certainly."

The new lodger had drawn them down, and accustomed himself for some minutes to the semi-obscurity, that he might take the other at a disadvantage, and examine him for a while at his ease, without the doctor being able just at first to return the compliment.

Having drawn up the blinds, Mr. Gay came back to his side, and, seating himself, took hold of Jeffcoat's wrist. Their faces now were both in the full light, and the eyes of each fixed upon the other.

Two men fairly matched for a struggle. Both with bold handsome faces and fearless eyes, but with the same look—half of distrust, half of defiance—such as men acquire who live always on their guard, always expecting an attack, ever wakeful and watchful, and ready to fight or run for it—as circumstances may dictate.

"A long-headed fellow, and a close fellow," thought Jeffcoat; "and one who will give me some trouble, perhaps, before I have done with him."

"A sharp business man from some manufacturing place down North," thought Gay, "who's had his wits sharpened among the spinners or grinders. Seems every bit as well as I am, and fancies himself ill. His weak point, perhaps. So much the better for me. If he chooses to pay me for my advice, why should I not give it him? Perhaps a mild attack might do him no great harm, and be nothing out of my pocket. We shall see."

And, thus reflecting, the two men regarded one another with a charming frankness, which a third person as sharp as they were would scarcely have believed could hide such trickery and cunning.

"I have had a bad headache frequently of late," said Jeffcoat, describing his symptoms, "and sometimes a pain in the chest, here over the heart. I was afraid that perhaps it might be affected."

"Let us hope not," replied Mr. Gay, with an encouraging smile. "I trust there is no cause for any alarm in that quarter."

"Well, perhaps not, only I am nervous, and with a reason."

"May I ask what that is, sir?" asked the courteous doctor, in the gentlest and most persuasive of tones.

The death of a very dear friend, from the same disease. I must say it made a powerful impression on me."

"The case, no doubt, occurred under your eyes."

"No, not exactly. He died here in London, while I was in Yorkshire. But I saw him only a day or two before his death, and he was then as pale and hearty as you could well wish a man to be. Let me see, now. I saw him on the seventh, and on the tenth I heard that my friend Jabez Acre had died suddenly in the middle of the night."

The faintest tremble and tightening of the fingers upon his wrist, a momentary dilation of the eyes fixed upon his face. These were the only signs by which he could tell that the shot he had fired had gone home.

With masterly skill, hiding any emotion on his own part, Jeffcoat sat there, in the easy lolling attitude he had hitherto maintained, and kept his eyes still set upon the doctor's face, but ceased speaking. Before him the other sat, perfectly motionless, and perfectly silent, and seemed forming some plan of action, or searching for some words with which to frame a sentence in reply, but the moments ebbed away without any reply coming from his lips, and presently he rose slowly to his feet.

"I will write you a prescription downstairs, which, perhaps, you will kindly send to a chemist to make up; and I had better see you again in a day or two."

"To-morrow morning, if convenient; we are near neighbours, and need not be strangers."

"You are very kind, sir. To-morrow, then."

"To-morrow."

Jack Jeffcoat smiled when the door had closed behind his new friend, and as suddenly became thoughtful.

"I hope I was not too hasty," he thought. "No, he could not possibly have supposed there was any design in what I said. Why was he so silent? He was undecided what course to take, and at last determined to keep his secret. That was a fool's trick, too, because what was more natural than that, if I was a friend of Jabez Acre's, as I represented, I should ascertain the name of the doctor who was summoned to his death-bed. That is to say, if he believed what I said. But if he did not believe it, would he not have tried to learn what more I had to say? What game is he playing? Upon my soul I do not know, and can only wait patiently till to-morrow."

He waited with what patience he could muster throughout the day and night, unwilling not to stir abroad, and, sending Mary Ann to the circulating library for a novel to while away the time, with the somewhat peculiar direction, that he wanted something of the *Jack Sheppard* sort.

The book they sent, however, amused him but little, and he was glad enough when it was time to go to bed, though there he rolled and tossed wearily half the night before he could go to sleep.

After breakfast next morning the first thing he asked was when the doctor could come up to see him.

"Mr. Gay has gone out," said the girl.

"Gone out!" he repeated sharply.

"A letter came for him, and he read it, and went out almost directly."

"Does he have many letters?"

"He's never had one before, *since he's been here*," said Mary Ann, with a giggle, "though he's always asking every post that comes, if there isn't something for him; and mistress and me has often said it's a pity, now letters costs only a penny," some one don't

send him one, poor gentleman!"

"How long has he been here?"

"A little under two months."

"And never had a letter?"

"Never, till this morning."

"Was it a very big letter, when it did come? You don't suppose it was a valentine?"

"Lor, no sir, but it might have been a love-letter for what I know."

"To be sure. You did not take notice whether it was a lady's handwriting, I'll bet a shilling, or what the post-mark was, although you had been waiting for it so long?"

"Well, sir, if you must know," said Mary Ann, with a toss of her head, and giggling again, "it was a London post-mark, and the writing was a lady's."

And with this she made her escape.

Jack Jeffcoat waited through the day for the doctor's return, and, with fast-failing patience, through the evening. At ten o'clock, when the time came for Mrs. Watkin and the servant to go to bed, Mr. Gay was still out, and Mary Ann came in, looking very sleepy and ill-tempered, and said that her mistress had told her she must sit up.

"I am not going to bed for an hour or two," said Jeffcoat. "I can easily let him in when he knocks."

"Oh! If it would not be troubling you too much, sir."

"Not in the least."

Three hours passed slowly by whilst Jack sat by the fireside and tried to occupy himself with his novel, and forgot that he had anything else to think of. But every footstep in the street caused him to raise his eyes, every faint sound reaching him from the house below to hold his breath and listen eagerly.

Foolishly, he had neglected to order his coal-scuttle to be refilled before Mary Ann went to bed. His stock of fuel was now quite exhausted, and the fire had almost died out. He felt cold and miserable, and strangely nervous, but far from sleepy, and more than ever determined to keep steady at his post.

The sounds in the street without were by this time few and far between. The house itself was perfectly silent. A church-clock somewhere in the neighbourhood struck one, with a short, sharp clang, which seemed to strike upon his heart and set it throbbing violently.

He had laid aside his book a few moments before, and, with contracted brows, was thinking deeply. Now he rose, and, candle in hand, cautiously opened the door, and listened on the landing.

Not a sound. All dark—all quiet. He might never have such another chance.

Returning to his room, he took off his boots, produced his carpet-bag, and trimmed and lighted a dark lantern; then drew from his breast a tiny pistol, examined it closely, and put it back again into its hiding place. Then, stealing thief-like from the room, crept downstairs.

Still all quiet and all dark, save where a round, bright gleaming patch of light travelled over the walls before the stealthy figure of the spy; and now he had reached the ground-floor, and stood upon the threshold of the doctor's bedroom.

Here, if there were secrets hidden, they lay concealed, and were now within his grasp. What a fool he had been, he thought, to have lost so much valuable time, when he might have been searching an hour ago. But now he would set to work—he could not be surprised. The women of the house were asleep. Gay had no key to let himself in. He was perfectly safe.

The door-handle turned stiffly beneath the pressure of his long fingers—a very thievish hand it looked with the lantern's light upon it—the boards creaked faintly beneath his cautious tread as, with strained ears and hushed breath, he crept in through the half-opened door.

(To be continued.)

THE TATTERSALL TIPSTER.

TATTERSALL'S—MONDAY.

The gathering in the Subscription Room was pretty numerous, and business to a large amount was transacted, although it was confined to a few horses. The Grand National was invested with some little interest, and Shakespeare, who has been so freely put about within this last day or two, found supporters at as little as 11 to 1. Neither Columbia nor Surrey seemed to be greatly fancied, although the former did succeed in finding occasional customers at 100 to 6; these odds were, however, freely offered to the close. Mr. Carew's "second string," Dermot Asthore, was frequently inquired after, but the price offered appeared generally to be considered too short, and the business transacted at this quotation was but limited. Globus and King Arthur were each supported at the same price, 1,000 to 30. None others were mentioned. For the Northamptonshire Stakes "fifteen ponies" were taken about John Davis; but the City and Suburban and the Chester Cup were never once brought on the carpet. The betting on the Two Thousand quickly showed that confidence in the favourite was once more restored, for as soon as 4 to 1 was offered against Plaudit, it was snapped up, and backers would have gone at the price, but in a very brief interval it was no longer to be had. The supporters of Julius seemed for the time being chary of their support, the offer of 6 to 1 failing to tempt them, but the concession of a shade of odds would have brought his friends to the fore. Two small commissions were executed in favour of Vauban and Marksman, at 100 to 8 each. Both Hermit and Knight of the Garter were friendless, and a stray pony was invested on the General at 22 to 1. Speculation on the Derby did not evoke much solicitude for the favourite; it was a long time before the name of either of them was mentioned, and after the offer of 8 to 1 and 9 to 1 respectively had been extracted, they failed to make any further sign. A bet of 1,400 to 100 was laid against Dragon, and the horse was backed for several smaller amounts at the same price. An offer of 1,000 to 70 against Plaudit was met by the proposition to invest £500 upon it at 15 to 1, but beyond this expression of intention on either side nothing was done. The candidate who came in for the greatest share of support was Hermit, who was supported again and again at 1,000 to 60, and in the aggregate was backed to win little short of £15,000. Julius was befriended to a limited extent at 25 to 1; but Vauban was another horse in great form, all the 1,000 to 50 being industriously hunted up; and the total outlay upon him must have reached a very respectable sum. The big bet of 10,000 to 100 was laid against Lord Ailesbury's Splitvote colt, and at this point business closed. In the course of the afternoon, Admiral Rous intimated that the question of the bets on Soiled Dove will be gone into on Monday next, and the decision of the committee will in all probability be made known on the same day.

Appended are the closing quotations:—

* The uniform rate of 1d. per letter of half an ounce weight, commenced January 10, 1840.

LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL.

11 to 1	1 agst Mr. Carew's Shakespeare, 6 yrs, 11s 1lb (t)
100 to 1	1 Col. G. W. Knox's Columbia, aged, 10st 12lb (t and off)
20 to 1	1 Mr. J. Nightingall's Surrey, 5 yrs, 10st 3lb (off)
1000 to 30	1 Mr. T. V. Morgan's Globus, aged, 11st 7lb (t)
1000 to 30	1 Capt. Brabazon's King Arthur, 5 yrs, 10st 3lb (t)

TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.

4 to 1	1 agst Major Elwon's Plaudit (t and w)
6 to 1	1 Duke of Newcastle's Julius (off, t 13 to 2)
100 to 8	1 Duke of Beaufort's Vauban (t)
100 to 70	1 Mr. Merry's Marksman (t)
1000 to 70	1 Mr. Chaplin's Hermit (off)
20 to 1	1 Capt. Machell's Knight of the Garter (t)
22 to 1	1 Mr. R. Sutton's The General (t)

DERBY.

8 to 1	1 agst Mr. H. Savile's D'Estournel (off, t 9 to 1)
9 to 1	1 Mr. F. Pryor's The Rake (off)
15 to 1	1 Count F. de Lagrange's Dragon (t)
1000 to 70	1 Major Elwon's Plaudit (off, t 13 to 1)
1000 to 60	1 Mr. Chaplin's Hermit (t freely)
25 to 1	1 Duke of Newcastle's Julius (t)
1000 to 30	1 Duke of Beaufort's Vauban (t freely)
10000 to 100	1 Lord Ailesbury's Splitvote colt (t)

The Liverpool Steeplechase is the next great race to which the sporting fraternity are looking forward, and at the present moment of writing Mr. Carew's Shakespeare is the first favorite, his nominal price being about eleven to one. We have, however, some reason for believing that "The Bard's" stable companion will ultimately prove to be the real *Simon Pure*, and therefore rest our hopes on *Dragon Asthore*. We shall be somewhat disappointed, too, if his nearest neighbours at the winning post be not *Little Frank* and *The Doctor*.

The City and Suburban will be run on the 26th Inst., and this is rather a long way ahead to look with confidence; yet we feel assured that backers of horses will get good interest for their money by bedding, if they invest upon Mr. Chaplin's *Vespasian*, *Mayonnaise* filly in Alice Taylor's stable, and the Count de Lagrange's *Plutus*. We are not forgetful of the fact that this latter is very heavily weighted, but nevertheless our selection is based upon good sound reasoning, and we are certain that all three horses will see short prices before the 26th Inst.

For the Metropolitan, we have a decided predilection in favour of *Tourmalin*. Baron Rothschild's mare has been backed for the Northampton Stakes by many, and strongly fancied by many more; but our information, which comes from a very sure quarter, induces us to select her as our representative. We may here mention, apropos of the Northampton Stakes, that John Davis is doing good work.

The unsteadiness of the favourites in the market for the Two Thousand Guineas induces us to hint that an investment upon Mr. Sutton's *The General* is likely to repay the speculator.

For the Derby our selection is *Dragon* or *D'Estournel* to win, and as a good place investment, the *Colt* by Lord of the Isles, out of *Splitvote*. We have reason to believe that the latter will do his trainer as much credit as *Savernake* did last year; and we should advise our readers to take advantage of the long price which is now obtainable.

SPORTING MEMS.

The Grand Military Steeplechases will take place this year at Aixiury, over the Liverpool Course; and to the six races, which closes on the 15th (next Friday) the indefatigable honorary secretary has been enabled to add the very considerable sum of £675, exclusive of cups.

Mr. Betagh's colt foal by Artillery out of *Rhodantha* has been named *Tyche Brahe*.

Morris will continue to ride for Lord St. Vincent and Mr. Bevill, who have first call after Lord Stamford.

Captain Michael has given away *Violation*, by *Voltiguer* out of *Vesta*, 2 yrs.; and sold four others for a "tenner" a piece.

Charles Peck is about to give up the training establishment at Malton.

The colt by *Prétendant* out of *Sélina*, engaged in the Poule d'Essai at Pau next year, under the name of *Durandal*, has been renamed *Médélin*, by his present proprietor, the Marquis o' Gallifet.

The Duke of Newcastle, the Earl of Westmoreland, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Bart., Admiral Rous, Mr. H. Chaplin, and Mr. E. Heneage are the stewards elect for the Lincoln Spring Meeting, 1868.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

The Oxford crew may now be considered finally settled; at any rate there will be only very slight alterations in it henceforth. The following is a list with the exact weights taken:— 1. Mr. W. P. Bowman (University), 1st, 1lb.; 2. Mr. F. Crowder (B. N. C.), 1st, 6lbs.; 3. Mr. E. S. Carter (Worcester), 1st, 18lbs.; 4. Mr. W. W. Wood (University), 12st 6lbs.; 5. Mr. J. C. Tinne (University), 13st 12lbs.; 6. Mr. R. G. Mardon (Merton), 12st 1lb.; 7. Mr. F. Willan (Exeter), 12st 12lbs.; stroke, Mr. J. H. F. Worcester (Worcester), 1st, 11lbs.; cox, Mr. G. R. T. Tottenham (Christ Church), 8st 11lbs. Average 12st 21lbs. Bow side, 49st 10lbs.; stroke side, 47st 11lbs.; difference, 1st, 13lbs. The above crew rowed on Wednesday and Thursday week, and were "coached" by Messrs. Woodgate, Risley, and Henley. They are a fine crew, and with the advantage of the experience as such distinguished old University oarsmen as those above-named, cannot fail of making rapid progress.

BRANKSEA ISLAND, POOLE HARBOUR.

It is not generally known that Poole, on the south-west of Dorsetshire, in a county of itself, with separate jurisdiction, on a peninsula on the north side of the extensive and almost landlocked harbour, whence it derives its name, twenty miles east of Dorchester. It is a thriving place, and several vessels are employed in the Newfoundland fisheries; besides which it has a large and increasing coasting trade, the export being principally Purbeck clay for the Staffordshire potteries in exchange for coal. The illustration on page 52, represents the exporting quay at Bankses Island, where the clay is shipped. The entrance to Poole Harbour is about a quarter of a mile in width. It has a shifting bar, over which there is seldom more than fifteen feet at high water. It is a singular advantage to the harbour that the tide ebbs and flows twice in twelve hours. Near the mouth of the harbour is a bank from which large quantities of oysters are taken to be fattened in the creeks of Essex and Kent.

THROAT DISEASES.—"Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHIC," which have proved so successful in America, for the cure of coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or any irritation or soarsness of the throat, are now imported and sold in this country by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per box. Some of the most eminent singers of the Royal Italian Opera, London, pronounce them the best article for hoarseness ever offered to the public. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable."—[ADVERTISEMENT.]



IRISH MUD CABIN

THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.

THE special correspondent of the *Standard*, writing from Killarney, says: "I have made an excursion to Cahirciveen, the head-quarters, so to speak, of the present Fenian rising. It is 42 miles from here, and the journey has to be made upon the outside car which carries her Majesty's mails. My heart rather misgave me when the time for starting, six o'clock in the morning, arrived, for the rain had been coming down heavily all night, and it was blowing half a gale. However, there was no help for it; my place had been taken and paid for the day before, and I accordingly took my place upon one of the smallest and roughest cars upon which it has ever been my fortune to ride. For the first eight or ten miles the country is fertile and well cultivated, and dotted over with seats of the land-owners of the neighbourhood, but at Killorgin, a large but very miserable village, the scenery changed very materially for the worse. The green fields had disappeared, and for miles the road led through wide-spreading tracts of bog with cottages, or rather hovels, scattered at wide intervals over it, whose inhabitants could have earned their livelihood only by the cutting and sale of the

peat, for even the usual little patches of potatoe ground were entirely absent. The people we met appeared to be miserably poor, and the children especially had a pinched and half-starved look about them.

"Presently the face of the country again changed, and the road ran along within sight of Dingle Bay, at times, indeed, winding along the sloping hill side, with the waves breaking at our feet. Dingle Bay is a fine sheet of water, some thirty miles long, and from ten to fifteen wide. It looks a splendid harbour, but its appearance is very deceptive, for, from the height at which we were driving, I could see wide patches and lines of white surf scattered over its whole surface, while in some places banks of sand, rising some feet above the water, ran out for miles from the shore. Beyond the wide sheet of water the Tralee mountains stretched away to the very entrance, appearing, although at such a distance it was difficult to speak with certainty, to spring from the very edge of the water. Towards the mouth of the bay they rose steep and precipitous, and even from where I was I could see the long Atlantic waves breaking against them, throwing sheets of white spray to a great height.

"At Kells, a small village with a coast-guard station, which was entered by the Fenians on the first night of their rising, we again left the sea, and our road for the last eight miles ran across a bare peat country, where the only relief to the brown monotony were the bright yellow patches of furze growing by the road side. On nearing Cahirciveen the country became less desolate, and clumps of trees and pasture land took the place of the bog wastes. At about a mile from the village we passed a ruined house, standing among trees, and in which, as my driver informed me almost reverently, the great O'Connell was born. It is certainly strange that an insurrection should have broken out so near to the birth-place of the great agitator, who always advocated a peaceful revolution only. Cahirciveen is a large village, upon rather sloping ground on a hill side. It consists of one long street and short one running at right angles to the other, and terminating at the water-side, the water being an arm of the sea, some fifty or sixty yards wide, and navigable by small craft.

"At the entrance of the village stands the school-house, before which a sentry of the 14th was pacing up and down. A group of people were looking in at the windows, and I found upon inquiry



OUTSKIRTS OF KILLORGIN VILLAGE.



MARSHAL O'DONNELL.

that the building had been for the present converted from its legitimate use and turned into a barrack. Upon the opposite side of the road stood the bridewell—a dark stone building, with a high wall in front, and evidently built with an eye to defensive purposes. The rest of the village, with the exception only of a handsome Catholic church and convent, consists of the usual small white-washed cottages with moulderding thatched roofs, and I could not help smiling as I entered this head-quarters of the insurrection, and thought of the strength of the empire against which it would wage war. Cahirciveen is Fenian to the backbone, man, woman, and child, who make little or rather no secret of their predilections that way. One woman I spoke to said, "Yes, sure, I'm a Fenian, and I'd be ashamed of myself if I wasn't." "What do you mean by being a Fenian?" I inquired. The woman hesitated a little, and then said, "I don't rightly know what it means, but I hope I'm a good Fenian for all that." And that is the answer, I believe, that ninety-nine out of every hundred would make. They do not quite know what Fenianism is, or what it wants or intends; but they are staunch Fenians for all that, quite ready to give their lives, as I fear we shall some day find, for their cause. As far as I can learn from conversation with the peasantry here they allow that Fenianism would have no chance at all against the army, but they aver that they are certain that the troops will not act against them. This idea has been so persistently inculcated into their minds by their leaders that it is unanimously believed by them. I need not say that they will find upon the very first opportunity how grievously and entirely they have been mistaken, and, indeed, it is almost unfortunate that during the present rising the troops have in no instance come in contact with a Fenian band. Had they done so, the volley with which they would have greeted them would have done more towards the destruction of Fenianism than all the preachings of the priests and the advice of the upper classes could do in years. The first volley would teach them that the disaffection of the troops, upon which they themselves allow that their

only hope depends, was altogether a myth, and with that belief Fenianism would receive its death-blow. Ever since I came here rumours have been circulated industriously among them of soldiers arrested in one place, of reputed Fenian sayings by them at another, of disaffection here, of open mutiny elsewhere. Knowing that all this was untrue, and at most only based upon the drunken utterance of some soldier to those who had been treating him with drink, I have abstained from alluding to them, as I have, indeed, to any rumours which were not considered authentic at headquarters."

MARSHAL O'DONNELL.

For many years Leopold O'Donnell, Duke of Tetuan, and ex-Minister of Spain, has been conspicuous in all those exciting political movements which have agitated that country, especially during the reign of the present Queen of Spain. He is of Irish extraction, and was born in Spain about 1809. He entered the military service at an early age, and attained the rank of colonel before he was twenty-five. When Don Carlos commenced the struggle which was so disastrous to Spain, O'Donnell fought courageously for the young Queen. In 1838 he was chief of the staff, and was subsequently placed in command of the Army of the Centre. At the close of the Carlist war, he was nominated a General of Brigade, and created Count of Lucena. In 1840, O'Donnell embraced the cause of the Queen-Mother against the people and the army, and emigrated with her to France. In 1841, he demanded permission to return to Spain as a friend of the established Government. It was granted by Espartero, who soon had reason to regret his lenity. O'Donnell fomented formidable, but unsuccessful insurrection against the Regent's Government, and had to escape into France. In 1843, by means of intrigues, Espartero fell, and for the share which O'Donnell had in bringing about that event he was rewarded with the Governor-Generalship

of Cuba. He returned to Spain when Narvaez was in power, and then commenced in earnest his political career, which is so interwoven with the tangled web of modern Spanish history, with its plots, counterplots, &c., that it would require a volume to detail them. When a new Ministry was formed in 1858, O'Donnell was made Minister of War and the Colonies. In 1859, Spain having declared war against Morocco, General O'Donnell was entrusted with the command of the invading army, and for his services in bringing the war to a successful conclusion he was rewarded with the title of Duke of Tetuan. He continued in office until 1867, when he resigned in consequence of the Queen's refusal to dissolve the Chambers. Since then his name is repeatedly found in reports of political movements coming from Spain.

FUENTARABIA, SPAIN.

(After a picture by Gustave Doré.)

WITHIN a few hours' distance of Biarritz is situate the picturesque old Spanish town of Fuenterabia, an engraving of which, from a drawing by the celebrated Gustave Doré, will be found on page 61. It is a favorite resort of the Empress Eugenie when on a visit to her favourite sea-bathing retreat, and, on this account, Gustave Doré employed his talented pen in producing a drawing of it, and which was favourably received by the Empress. The picturesque remains of the sculptural crucifixion, the moulderding ruins around, the ancient ruins in the rear, and the broad expanse of the sea stretching out in the distance, afford an extraordinary scene for quiet contemplation, such as the artist has here depicted.

The New York morning papers of the 6th inst., received by the last mail, give the whole of the Queen's Speech on the opening of Parliament here the previous day, it having been transmitted verbatim by the Atlantic cable.

OUR OPERA GLASS.

ANOTHER week has passed away, and no change has taken place in the programmes of the different theatres. A very clever novelty in the entertainment line has been brought out, however, at the Egyptian Hall, under the title of "Masks and Faces." The entertainer, Mr. Ernst Schulz, a German, possesses wonderful power of facial expression, and, aided by a very ingenious contrivance for casting strong lights and shadows, manages, in less than a second, and with no visible effort or movement to present to the audience a totally different type of countenance. We saw at least fifty different faces thus portrayed, some of them enhanced by the aid of costume, others depending entirely on difference of shade and expression for their effect, but nearly all equally clever and remarkable. Amongst the first we can specially mention the portrayal of a Chinese, as being wonderfully faithful to the characteristics of that race, and amongst the latter "the Democratic Beard," which, for the suddenness and power of its effect, is very striking. There is so little visible effort on the part of Mr. Schulz, that his audience is at first perhaps rather inclined to underrate the talent he possesses, but there can be no doubt that there is much originality and a great deal of talent displayed in the entertainment. We have only one critical observation to make, and that is, to recommend Mr. Schulz, if possible, to leave off his spectacles in the part descriptive of the physiology of the beard, as the fact that all the faces, however different in their other attributes, appear behind the same glasses, which give a certain monotony to their expression.

THEATRICAL TATTLE.

The Fatailles Parisiennes have revived Philidor's *Le Sorcier* with great effect.

Miss E. Angele announces a special performance of the *Widow Bewitched* and *Too Many Cooks*, at the Gallery of Illustration.

We understand that the subscriptions received for the benefit of the Webb family already amount to close upon \$1,300.

Miss Glynn (Mrs. B. S. Dallas) has, it is understood, accepted an engagement at Drury-lane.

The production in Paris of Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* is expected to take place during the first fortnight of this month.

The burlesque of *Esmeralda* will shortly be revived at the Strand, and that of the *Maid and Magpie* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

The rehearsals of M. Jules Beer's new opera, *Le Roi de Bohème*, at the Théâtre Lyrique, have been interrupted by the illness of Madame Schroeder.

At Warsaw the *Huguenots* have provoked a great success, interpreted by the soprano, Trebelli-Bellini—who, by the way, are engaged at the Teatro Apolo, Rome.

The cost of building the new theatre at Leipzig has already exceeded the estimate by 60,000 thalers. The expense now run up amounts to 527,000 thalers.

Senorita Teresa Carreno, the clever little pianist of whom we have whilome spoken, is again in Paris on her return from Spain, and has an auditory in the salons of the Princess Mathilde.

Several novelties are in preparation at the Olympic. Among them, a comedy by Benjamin Webster, Esq., jun., and a comedy from the pen of two gentlemen hitherto unknown to dramatic fame.

A grand amateur performance will be given shortly by the members of the Savage Club at the Gallery of Illustration for "a charitable object."

We regret to hear that Mr. B. Webster met with an accident on Thursday week by falling from an omnibus, and that he has in consequence been precluded from attending to the business of the theatre.

The New York *World* says—we presume for the sake of the joke, and apart from any truthful consideration—"Artemus Ward is under the professional care of Dr. Mary Walker, in London. He is a Ward in the hospital in which she is a Walker."

We regret to hear that M. Ponsard, the French dramatic poet, is dangerously ill. His new tragedy, *Galileo*, is in rehearsal at the Théâtre Francaise under the supervision of Emile Augier. The author is not expected to live to behold the birth of his work.

It is possible that the production of Mr. Watts Phillips' new drama of *Lost in London*, at the Adelphi, may be postponed as Mr. Benjamin Webster, who is cast for the principal part, is (we regret to learn) seriously indisposed.

The shareholders of the Fenice Theatre, Venice, have decided on keeping the establishment open during the summer, and on producing the *Africaine*. They offer a subvention of £45,000, if the municipality will make up a similar sum.

The municipality of Strasburg lately demanded certain modifications in the list of charges at the theatre of that town, which the director, M. Mutée, resented. It was anticipated that the director would resign, but the difficulty has been tide over, and M. Mutée remains, to the general satisfaction.

Apropos of things theatrical, Mr. Frederick Buckstone, supported by a talented troupe of amateurs, will appear at Greenwich on Monday next. On Tuesday Mr. Home-Lyon (the well-known spiritualist, will appear in some private theatricals at the Bijou as Hamlet (also supported by a talented troupe of amateurs).

Mr. Bateman has finished his second American season, with Parepa, Rose, &c. He now proposes to effect the Atlantic passage in order to make new engagements for the coming musical cycle. We are assured that he has his eye upon some very costly celebrities, any one of whom would be a prize for an American manager.

The London correspondent of the *Liverpool Journal* says some sensation was created a few nights ago at the Olympic Theatre, where Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Matthews are now acting, by the appearance, in a private box, of the distinguished comedian's mother. She is about eighty-five years old, but is in perfect and even bright possession of her faculties.

Mr. Brown (Artemus Ward) has arrived at Southampton from Jersey, and is under medical treatment in the former town. The United States Consul has visited him and has shown him every attention. Mr. Brown is cheerful, and full of hope that the spring will restore him to health. He was to leave England for the United States on the 22nd ult., but we have no intelligence of his departure.

During an amateur performance at the Waterford theatre, on Saturday night, one of the actors, Corporal Donlon, of the 75th Regiment, was severely wounded in the face by the explosion of a pistol. In a "ballet d'action" at the close of the night's performance, Sergeant Wallet, personating a drunken character, fired a shot at a sailor, who was impersonated by Donlon. The pistol, of course, had no bullet in it, but it was so close to the corporal's face that he fell instantly from the effects of the explosion.

The *Scotsman* gives an interesting account of the brilliant reception given to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean on their reappearance in Edinburgh. "They were received enthusiastically," says our contemporary, "by a brilliant house; and, during the course of their engagement, the theatre is certain to be nightly crowded, for all play-goers will be eager to avail themselves of those latest opportunities of seeing performances as fine as are always presented when two such stars shine together—each lending to each a double charm."

The benefit on Thursday morning week at Drury-lane, for the family of the late comedian, Henry Webb, was an immense success. There must have been enough persons who had their money refused or returned to have filled Covent Garden Theatre. We observed crowds of professionals about the front of the house. Mr. Toole was indefatigable in the good cause, and was here, there, and everywhere with endless acquaintances for those seeming to be who took him by storm, but without appearing to ruffle his equanimity in the least.

It would seem that Cora Pearl's retirement from the stage was expedited by the charge that she was in the habit of rehearsing in private and before certain of her admirers those nice effects which appeared so effective before the footlights. On these occasions, says a French journal, Miss Pearl's costume was not so much *Parisian* as *Paradise*. Members of the Jockey Club and high dignitaries were introduced into the stage-box which then became converted into an impromptu Garden of Eden. Prince Napoleon also attended, but more as a *censor morum* than the rest, as we find him the chief cadiogator of the naughty *Cupid*.

The following scraps of news from Russia have been forwarded to us by a correspondent residing in St. Petersburg:—"There is no truth in the rumour that the Government purposes the abandonment of the Italian Opera. A great sensation has been made by the new tragedy of Count Tolstoi, called *Ivan the Terrible*. The vice-president of the Academy of Arts superintended the painting of the scenes, and the costumes and all the accessories were made from designs by an academician no less celebrated for his antiquarian knowledge than his artistic skill. The piece has considerable merit, but it has not been played, some squabbles among the actors having led to the withdrawal of Samoiloff, the only really good tragedian in the company. The Davenports have reaped a good harvest here, and are going to Moscow. General Tom Thumb and his wife are expected. A great many goods are being despatched from here to the Paris Exhibition."

Mr. Henry Phillips writes as follows to a contemporary:—"Having received a number of communications since my name has appeared in print, relative to my again singing in public, and nearly all strongly urging me to do so, I have resolved to comply with their wishes, and seek a channel for that purpose. It has by some been suggested that the public ear has been so accustomed to Nigger melodies, that anything like declamatory ballad-singing would fail in its effect. I have already proved this theory to be false. Why, then, should I any longer shut myself up, when I am in possession of all my former powers, mentally and vocally? My example may be of service to the rising generation of singers; for it is to be regretted that not one in the present day seems to have any knowledge of the art of declamation, which is, in my opinion, the most refined, the most intelligent, and inspired branch of our art. Not many weeks shall now elapse before I carry my resolve into execution."

Thanks to the directors of the Abstainers' Union, the first opportunities presented to Glasgow for several years of hearing the great English tenor, Mr. Sims Reeves, have at length been afforded. There can be no doubt that, as on former occasions, considerable distrust existed in many minds as to whether or not the engagement made with the distinguished artiste would be fulfilled. It was feared that, being so susceptible to cold, Mr. Reeves might be again unable to appear, and that thus havoc would be played with the gratification of a wide-spread public desire. But happily nothing of the kind has as yet occurred. Mr. Reeves has, so far, been enabled to implement his latest promises, and former defeats of expectation have been forgotten in presence of this "star of song." The receptions given to the celebrated vocalist have been most enthusiastic. He received quite an ovation, the audience not contenting themselves by ringing out rounds of cheers, but, ere the evening was done, waving, with a warmth and gaiety which could not be doubted for a moment, their hats, caps, and handkerchiefs.

Our readers interested in theatrical tattle will doubtless remember an anecdote of Mr. Buckstone, at the Cheltenham theatre, which we recently gave: from the following delicious scrap we have gleaned it would seem that the drama does not stand alone among amusements in suffering under the ban of Little Bethel; but we should scarcely have thought Mr. Charles Dickens the offender in the clerical eye. On the other hand, how could the man who depicted Stiggins and Chadbond hope to escape? At a Penny Reading in the intellectual village of Farndon in Cheshire, a gentleman was lately reading a selection from "Pickwick," when he was suddenly ordered by the incumbent of the parish to close the book. So peremptory was the reverend gentleman that the other had nothing for it but to obey and retire. The Farndon parson—Johnstone by name—considers "Pickwick" "not an improving book." Doubtless he would prefer his audiences should derive their mental sustenance from Pinnock and Watts. We recommend Mr. Dickens's publishers (if they wish to dispose of a few extra copies of the *Pickwick Papers*) to send a dozen or so down to Farndon on speculation. After the priestly interdict, all the parish must be burning to obtain the book.

THE American papers say that sundry young women in Georgia, members of families formerly opulent, but now, through the dire influences of Secession, pauperized, are engaged in setting type in the printing offices of this State.

OBITUARY.

On Wednesday morning, 20th ult., Earl Brownlow died at Mentone, at the comparatively early age of 24 years. The deceased nobleman was the eldest son of the late John Hume Egerton, Viscount Alford, who died in 1851, by Lady Marian Compton, eldest daughter of the second Marquis of Northampton. He succeeded his grandfather in 1853, was appointed a deputy-lieutenant of Lincolnshire in 1866, and was Captain of the 4th Herts Rifle Volunteers. He assumed the name of Cust by Royal license 1868, his father, on inheriting the large landed property of the Earl of Bridgewater having taken the name of Egerton in lieu of his patronymic. He was the patron of eleven livings. He is succeeded by his brother, the Hon. Adelbert Wellington Brownlow Cust, M.P., born in 1844, and late of the Grenadier Guards. A vacancy is thus occasioned in the representation of the Northern Division of Shropshire in the House of Commons.

Rarely has the funeral of a musical professor been attended by a larger number of mourners, or with signs of greater sympathy, than that of Frederick Charles Horton, the musical librarian and copyist of the Royal Italian Opera, since its formation in 1846-7, connected with Covent Garden for 31 years. Mr. Horton had only completed his 53rd year on the 23rd of October last, and he died on Tuesday the 5th after severe suffering of three years. He was buried in Kensal-green Cemetery, followed to the grave by Mr. Costa and a host of artists. During his final illness every care and attention was bestowed upon him by Mr. Costa, whose kindness to the members of the establishment with which he is connected is well known. Horton was a boy out of the Duke of York's Asylum at Chelsea, and was appointed in 1835 custodian of the music at Covent Garden, Costa confirming his appointment when the Royal Italian Opera started in 1846. Meyerbeer, Spohr, Berlioz, Gounod, &c., had all testified to Horton's ability and accuracy. He has left a son, Mr. J. W. Horton, who will be his successor as librarian and copyist.

FATAL FIRE IN THE BOROUGH.

On Monday morning, at a few minutes before four o'clock, a fire broke out of the premises of Mr. W. French, grocer, No. 19, White-street, Borough. The spread of the fire was so instantaneous that it was with the greatest difficulty any lives were saved. Two persons, a man and a woman, jumped from the first-floor window, and sustained but slight injuries. A Mr. Toomey, who resided in the second floor, also jumped from his window without receiving very serious injuries. Mrs. Toomey, on perceiving the ravages the fire was making, wrapped up her child (Ellen Toomey), six months old, in a sheet and threw her from the same window into the street; she then took another of her children, named Elizabeth Toomey, three years of age, and threw her out of the window in the same manner. Mrs. Mary A. Toomey, aged 29, then essayed the jump; but in doing so received severe injuries. The son, Michael Toomey, ten years of age, was then in the burning building, and it was supposed that he was suffocated, as he did not appear at the windows. Mrs. Toomey and her two children were at once taken to Gay's Hospital, but it was found that her injuries were very severe, both by burning and otherwise. The body of the son, Michael Toomey, has since been discovered by the exertions of the fire-escape men and also the officers of the salvage corps, but in such a charred condition that it is scarcely recognisable; it is laid on a mattress on the beams of the building (which are all but burnt through), preparatory to its removal to the dead house.

ADVICE TO TRAVELLERS.—Never go by railway because of accidents—never by coaches because in these days of steam they are too slow. Should you ever be insane enough to enter a railway carriage pretend to be what you are—mad; and then, having all the compartments to yourself, smoke the best possible cigars.

TAKING PAINS.—A conscientious *artiste*, desirous to take pains when studying the piano, is known to have sat for hours during practice with his feet in a bucket of cold water. It is not recorded whether he made much progress, but no doubt he took pains, as the doctor says he has them in all his limbs at the present moment.

MARRY.—Jeremy Taylor says, if you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize rosy health, marry; and even if money be your object, marry. A good wife is heaven's last, best gift to man, his angel and minister of grace sinnumerable, his gem of many virtues, his casket of jewels. Her voice the sweetest music; her smiles, his brightest day; her kiss, the guardian of his safety, the balsam of his life; her industry, his surest wealth; her economy his safest steward; her lips, his faithful counsellors; her bosom, the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers, the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head.

LADIES AND NEWSPAPERS.—It is a great mistake in female education to keep a young lady's time and attention devoted to the fashionable literature of the day. If you would qualify her for conversation, you must give her something to talk about—give her education with this actual world and its transpiring events. Urge her to read the newspapers and become familiar with the present character and improvements of our race. History is of some importance; but the past world is dead, and we have nothing to do with it. Our thoughts and our concerns should be for the present world, to know what it is, and improve the condition of it. Let her have an intelligent opinion, and be able to sustain a conversation concerning the mental, moral, political, and religious improvement of our time.

PRESERVED OXEN.—"By Mr. Morgan's plan, already in operation, five hundred thousand pounds of meat have, within the last year, been imported into Liverpool, and there sold at fourpence a pound. This, however, includes both bone and fat; indeed, the animal might be preserved whole by it, and sent home all standing. Mr. Morgan avails himself of the natural organs of circulation for diffusing the brine through the meat. The heart is opened, and the blood allowed to run out; then on to the left ventricle, where all circulation begins, is fastened a gutta-percha tube, communicating with a reservoir of brine some twenty feet above the ground. By natural pressure, the liquor permeates every artery and vein, and the completion of the process is ascertained when the brine begins to flow from the right ventricle, or the terminus of our natural circulation. The whole process for preserving an ox only occupies about ten minutes; the pressure exerted being about eleven pounds to the square inch, and some thirteen gallons of brine being injected. Its completeness is proved by the fact, that if an incision be afterwards made in the flesh, a stream of brine exudes. It has also this advantage over the ordinary process of salting from the outside, that it does not extract the natural juices of the meat. As a preservative agent, it combines with, and coagulates them, in the substance of the meat, and it is proposed to improve its action by the addition of phosphoric acid (the main element of a vegetable diet) and nitrate of potash."—*Chambers's Journal*.

(The following appeared in our latest Edition last Week.)

A FENIAN HOAX.

On Tuesday evening last a telegram was received by Mr Hickling, the superintendent of police, at Warwick, with the startling intelligence that a body of Fenians had left London by the evening express train on the Great Western line, for the purpose of carrying out a raid on the town of Warwick. The telegram was authenticated by the sender's name and address. Of course, information so important as this was not to be entirely disregarded, and, although a hoax was suspected, yet it was deemed prudent to bring the matter under the notice of the authorities, and institute inquiries. To this end a communication was forwarded to the Mayor and ex-Mayor, and ultimately Captain R. D. Vaughan was sent for, and assisted in advising what measures should be adopted, either to repel the threatened invaders, or suppress any disturbance which might take place. On the requisition of the town authorities, Mr. Chilton, the manager at the Great Western Station, sent a telegram to Oxford, asking the officials there to examine the express train, and report as to the number and character of the passengers. The reply was confirmatory to the telegram on the material point. There was a party of men in the train; they had left London, and were all booked for Warwick. The greatest anxiety now began to be felt, and not a few, who had from the beginning looked upon the affair as the practical joke of some mischievous Cockney, grew nervous, and thought of little else but the sacking of the militia stores, and the destruction of the castle. The permanent staff of the 1st Warwick Militia were ordered under arms, and held themselves in readiness for any emergency, and an officer was sent on to Leamington to await the arrival of the express, about which there was so much uneasiness. At Leamington, passengers for Warwick, Hatton, and Stratford-upon-Avon have to "change" in consequence of the train not stopping after leaving Leamington station until it arrives in Birmingham. This would give the officer an excellent opportunity for reconnoitring the invading party, and besides ascertaining their numerical strength, he might chance to pick an accidental bit of conversation which would discover their plan of attack, as well as the object they had in view. Accordingly, when the express arrived, the officer in question, accompanied by Mr. Lund, superintendent of the Leamington police, took up his position on the platform, anxious to discover the Fenian party. The doors of the carriages having been opened by the obliging porters, out they stepped, one by one, to the number of from fifteen to twenty. Reports somewhat vary as to their personal appearance, but all agree in representing them as stalwart men, whom it would be slightly dangerous to encounter in a hand-to-hand combat. They carried with them bags, probably ammunition, which was to spread death throughout the town of Warwick before morn. They resorted to the refreshment room, and partook of strong potions, as desperate men generally do when engaged in desperate business. There could now be no mistake that the telegram was a timely and a friendly warning of some unknown loyal subject of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, to whom the burgesses of Warwick owed a debt of gratitude which could never be fully repaid. But before the train left Leamington for Warwick, these visions of sacking and murder began to dissolve and give way to more congenial anticipations. Approaching closer and closer to these men it was found that these men spoke not of arms and treasures, but chatted freely of hounds and hares, and discussed with the relish of an English sportsman the prospects of the Wellesbourne Coursing Meeting, which opened at Wellesbourne yesterday. In a moment the whole thing was transparent. These men had left London to attend this meeting, and some "friend" had played a prank upon them by telegraphing to the police at Warwick, describing them as Fenians, and advising that they should be closely watched. Probably the sender of the message never anticipated throwing a peaceful town into a state of great excitement, but he doubtless intended that his friends should be closely watched, and their footprints dogged by the local police. When the train reached Warwick, these men took themselves to their quarters, where they were well known, and a hearty laugh they had on hearing that they had been looked for and that the militia staff was under arms, prepared to give them a warm reception as Fenians. The excitement in the town gradually subsided on these facts becoming known, and by twelve o'clock the streets, which had been somewhat thronged in the earlier part of the night, were clear, the people having returned to their homes with a feeling of thankfulness that they had been delivered from the Fenians.

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